

THE ROUND TABLE

A WEEKLY RECORD OF
THE NOTABLE, THE USEFUL AND THE TASTEFUL.

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AFTER THE WAR—WHAT THEN?

THE solution of the stupendous problem, in which we are now engaged, is sure to involve important changes, not only in the conditions of society among us, and in our modes of thought, but, very likely, in the very structure of our government. Precisely what all these changes will be, and at precisely what date they will occur, no living man can foresee. But some there are that can be foretold if we scrutinize the history of other nations which have had such experience as we are now having; and it becomes every thinking man to try to ascertain what these will be. A few of these changes we propose to specify, in the hope that the suggestion of them will stimulate a spirit of thoughtful inquiry in this direction, which is at once the privilege and the duty of all who believe, with us, in the certain restoration of honorable peace to this fair land.

One of the most obvious changes will be that which the creation of a great national debt will effect in the conditions of the people. We must expect, as a matter of course, that the results which followed the accumulation of national indebtedness in Europe will be manifested in this country, though under somewhat different conditions, and, perhaps, in a modified form. It is clear that the actual wealth of the nation will be diminished but little, if at all, by this debt. The productive power of Europe has never been greater than since the time that great national debts were incurred. Indeed, industry seems to have thriven more rapidly and yielded richer returns than when such obligations were unknown. Under the stimulus of taxation and the stern necessities begotten of a desire to discharge these obligations, labor has been organized and economized. So far, then, as the productive industry of the country is concerned, we may feel assured that as much, nay, more, wealth will be created than ever existed before. In addition to our agricultural products, from which we have heretofore derived the largest part of our national revenue, we may expect that our mineral resources will be developed in a far greater degree than ever. Mines of coal, iron, lead, copper, silver, and gold will be worked as they never have been, because under the pressure of a debt which the nation will be bound to pay. Our manufacturing interests, also, will keep pace with the development of mineral resources, and will add to

the wealth of the country. Invention will be stimulated, as it was in England after the close of the great wars with Napoleon, which imposed so great a load upon the nation, and which it has borne so nobly.

Another change, and one not so pleasant to contemplate, is almost certain to follow upon the creation of an enormous national debt, and that is, the concentration of wealth. The great fortunes of Europe, the houses distinguished for monetary strength, have been brought into existence simultaneously with the accumulation of government indebtedness. The Rothschilds, the Barrings, the Browns, the Hopes, all attained to their position by this means. These houses first made money by their transactions with the governments of Europe, and then added to their possessions by being the media through which such governments have borrowed money of the industry of their subjects. The same process is going on here before our eyes. Those who know the history of the various houses in Wall street can point out the men who are destined to be to America what the houses just mentioned are to the governments of Europe. By perfectly legitimate transactions Mr. Chase has made Mr. Jay Cooke, and through him scores of others, immensely wealthy. Henceforth America will be as distinguished for its rich men as it has heretofore been for its traders of moderate wealth. There will be the same wealth in the country, but it will be in fewer hands; we shall have fewer traders, but more merchant princes and princely bankers. This concentration of business began, in fact, before the opening of the war. The advantage of this will be that there will be fewer non-producers and more consumers, and business, by being done by the wholesale, so to speak, will be at a less cost to the industry of the nation.

As a matter of course, this concentration of great wealth will make the mass of the people poorer than has been the case with us. No matter how ingeniously taxation may be levied, the burden must fall at last upon land and labor, for from these two sources come all wealth. The man who tills the ground and he who fabricates the manufactured article will, in the end, be called upon to pay both principal and interest of the national debt, to which must be added the waste which is always incident to the collection of taxes, and the profit of their labor will be just so much less.

These generalizations may seem startling, and the results indicated not altogether pleasing. But they are inevitable. We must accept whatever the future may have in store for us. The poor will not be as poor in this country as they are in Europe, for land is cheap and farms are easy of purchase; while productive land is open to every enterprising laborer, the wages of labor can never be very low, nor will the laborer ever be entirely at the mercy of his employer. Nor will these changes be without their compensations. The tendency to traffic and unproductive employments which has so characterized the American people will, under the pressure of necessity, be turned to more persistent and more productive labor. Then, again, the influence of the wealthy class will give greater stability to the government. Powerful as are the Rothschilds, the Barrings, and other houses of equal reputation, in the courts of kings, the Jay Cookes, the Belmonts, the Ketchums, the Jeromes, as well as great banking corporations, will be still more potent in the councils of the people. Those who know the influence exerted by great railway and canal corporations, such as the New York Central and Camden and Amboy Railroads, can estimate how powerful will be the influence of our very wealthy men upon the conduct of our national affairs. There may be corruption, but it must be remembered that great wealth is nearly always accompanied by a high sense of honor and commercial probity, for without these conditions great possessions are if not unattainable are untenable.

This train of thought could be pursued into speculations touching the habits and manners of the people as affected by these changes. An instructive inquiry, too, would be the probable effect of the military struggle in which we are now engaged, upon the government and the national character. Heretofore we have been governed by lawyers, by men who are fond of talk, but averse to decided action. The soldier, however, is a doer and not a talker, and soldiers will

hereafter form a political class that will wield great influence. In conjunction with the advent of the military element in our current politics there will be manifested a higher sense of honor, which obtains in camps more than in courts, and a disposition to refrain from boasting, that sin of which we, as a nation, stand guilty before the world. The very campaign in which we are now engaged and which gives such encouraging promise of a victorious issue, affords a pertinent illustration of this point. At no time since the war began has there been so little of that over-confidence or of that cheap courage which is made up of words rather than deeds. The comments of the press, the daily talk of the people, are cautious. Every heart swells with devout gratitude to God for the measure of success attained, but outward demonstration is withheld until assurance of the glad tidings be made doubly sure. A skirmish is no longer a battle, nor a reconnaissance a campaign, nor a drawn contest a victory; but each receives its proper name, and each is viewed in its bearings upon ultimate results. It is this spirit, we believe, which will permeate more and more the body politic. Though begotten of disappointment again and again repeated, it will prove a blessing in the end, not alone as regards our standing as a people in the eyes of other nations, but in its effects upon the national character itself. And the sentiment of honor which a soldier's life begets will have its influence upon the nation. To loose notions on this subject may be traced the origin of much of our present trouble. A bright day will it be when our party politics are purged of this disgraceful element; when neither orator nor newspaper will dare make charges against the name of any man, be it never so vile, which cannot be substantiated before a competent tribunal, to say nothing of the use of low, scurrilous language which is so common with partisan orators and partisan presses.

These suggestions we have thrown out not that we deem ourselves wise above all men, but in the hope of exciting a spirit of inquiry in those who may read them. We think they will commend themselves to the candid judgment of every reflecting person; but whether they do or not, it becomes us all alike to scan the future by the light of experience as closely as we can, especially now that the clouds are lifting and our hearts beat high with hopes of returning peace. For to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

HOSTILITY OF CONGRESS TO COMMERCE.

THE commercial community are seriously concerned about the treatment their interests are receiving at the hands of Congress. The late indisposition to impose an adequate taxation has now given place to a mania for indiscriminate taxing, in which the most reckless disregard for the trading interests of the country is manifested. The commercial classes have from the beginning been the most loyal and substantial supporters of our enormous war revenue. A very large proportion of the loans have been taken by them; they have borne the chief burthens of taxation; they have felt more severely than any others the evils of an inflated currency; they have subscribed more freely than any other class for local volunteer bounties; they have been the chief contributors to the sixteen millions raised in various parts of the country for the Sanitary Commission; and yet after doing so much they stood ready, if necessary, to double all they have yet given or done. The merchants and traders of the country are, and must be, the strong arm of the Government—its real war power—in the suppression of the rebellion. This class is therefore surely entitled to every consideration at the hands of Congress and the Administration. It is the part of prudent statesmanship to foster the chief resource of the power of the country, to avoid any measure that could exasperate and alienate it, and to win the entire confidence of the men who hold the means on which the material power of the Government is based.

The whole course of the recent fiscal legislation of Congress has been in direct contravention of this obviously just and prudent temper. Secretary Chase inaugurated the policy of hostility to the capitalists of the country by the introduction of his national banking scheme, aiming to

supersede the entire banking system of the country, with its \$300,000,000 of capital, all willingly held subservient to the loyal support of the Government. Had not the banks forbearingly shown a higher regard for the interests of the nation than for their own, Mr. Chase, from the day that he propounded his unfortunate scheme, would have found himself unable to borrow a dollar. The assault, however, was taken patiently, and the reward of the patience is renewed encroachment. Unable to establish the national banks by the force of their own merits, it is now proposed to "crush out" the old institutions by specific taxes on their circulation and transactions. Of course, with such boldness on the part of the chief officer of finance, and such quiet submission on the part of the interest assailed, license has been easily taken to deal similarly with other interests. The internal tax system has been constructed so as to bear in the most onerous way on the manufacturing and working classes. Everything in the whole range of industrial production is levied upon, the producer and merchant being compelled to keep a special set of accounts for the Government, and to expose their affairs on order to the annoying inspection of an official politician. At every session of Congress the revenue laws have to be altered, and during the process of change trade is interrupted and speculation fostered, highly detrimental to commerce. The men who thus make laws for exacting tithes from commerce are chiefly lawyers and professional politicians, utterly ignorant of business and its requirements; nor can the representations of trade delegations, in the course of a few hours' interview, enable them to appreciate the views of intelligent, practical men throughout the country. The result is that Congress is left to the control of a few party leaders who have distinguished themselves throughout their term in Congress by their disregard for the voice, the convenience, and the rights of the people. It is through the agency of this class of congressmen that we have had revenue laws adopted *ex post facto* in their operation; and that we have duties imposed on our exports of cotton and tobacco, in both cases in direct violation of express prohibitions of the Constitution designed for the protection of industry. It is in the same spirit of indifference to the convenience of merchants that the late sixty days' tariff was enacted. Without a word of notice, the importers are subjected to an increase of fifty per cent. in their duties on imports, to be continued until the 1st of July, when some other scale duties, almost as suddenly made known, will go into operation. Such legislation is highly detrimental to commerce. Importers have now large amounts of goods ordered in Europe or in transit that they can sell only at a loss under the advanced duties, and it is but just that the new tariff should go into operation after formal notice, sufficient to enable importers to avoid such losses. The same is true of the large amount of goods in bond; yet Congress hurried through the sixty days' bill with a petty haste, for the distinctly avowed purpose of preventing importers from adapting themselves to the new state of things by withdrawing their goods.

Surely Congress is not driven to such paltry methods of supporting the revenue as this. The commercial public are weary and disgusted with such legislation. Their confidence in the ability of our leaders to conduct the nation safely through the civil portion of its struggle is seriously shaken by such recklessness; and whilst the best is hoped for, yet grave things are feared.

CRINOLINE IN COUNCIL.

It is with some curiosity, not unmixed with amusement, that we have observed the organization of a society of ladies at Washington, under the title of "The Ladies' National Convention," the object of which is "to unite the women of the country in the earnest resolution to purchase no imported articles of apparel, where American can possibly be substituted, during the continuance of the war," and the pledge or covenant to which every member has to subscribe is: "For three years or for the war we pledge ourselves to each other and the country to purchase no imported article of apparel."

We are inclined to believe that this species of self-denial, so wonderful in woman, will be confined, if practiced at all, strictly to the ladies of the convention, for it is not a mania likely to become very contagious. The wives and daughters of the newly made millionaires are not likely to be seized with a sudden impulse to wear California diamonds, Merrimac print shawls, calico bonnets, and cotton dresses and parasols, in preference to the more costly gems and garments which now adorn them. Moreover, we see no particular reason why they should. It is highly desirable, of course, that our domestic manufacturing industry should be encouraged and developed; but as fabrics of home make are as yet insufficient, both with regard to quantity and quality, to supply the varied wants and tastes of our rapidly growing and cosmopolitan community, we see no good reason why those who can afford it should forbid themselves the use of articles of foreign importation.

The ladies of the convention appear to have overlooked the fact that our greatest real source of revenue is derivable from customs duties, and that in proportion to the reduction

of the demand for foreign goods would be the loss to the national treasury. In their "Address to the Women of America," which is full of the fire of a zealous patriotism, and abounding in feminine enthusiasm, they ignore the principles of political economy, and, while striving to work good in one direction, overlook the fact that they are doing harm in another. They do not consider that it is to the interest of this country that our foreign trade should be sustained, that importations stimulate exportations, and that the present extent of both furnishes the best evidence of our prosperity in the eyes of the world. Moreover, the stronger our ties of commerce with other nations during the continuance of this war, the less likelihood will there be of an interruption of our existing amicable relations. Nations, even more than individuals, are supremely selfish, and interest alone influences their conduct toward each other. As strong an argument, therefore, might be made in favor of the extravagant consumption of imported goods, on patriotic grounds, as could possibly be made against it. If we were at war with the country whence these importations come, the case would be different.

But the more serious aspects of the case aside, what would become of us if the good wishes of these very patriotic and influential ladies at Washington were actually realized. Where would be our substitutes for tea and coffee? Is it fair that we should be forced to use sloe leaves for the one and a preparation of rye in place of the other? Would the ladies drink catnip with a relish and call it delicious? Ought we to be compelled to forego the luxury of an occasional bottle of champagne, and to be tempted with apple-jack instead? Surely it would be as bad to be poisoned with "Jersey lightning" as *eau de vie*. Are we in danger of losing even the solace of a mild Havana, and if French kids are to be contraband shall we be expected to dance without gloves? We begin to be seriously troubled about these things, and hope they will not come to pass, for we confess to a moderate admiration for "loves of bonnets," and we prefer to have our tea grown in China rather than New Jersey. We have regard, too, for our foreign relations and customs revenue, and we think that the more money the rich spend the better for the country; and as American women know how to dress, we are of opinion that they would do themselves great injustice in giving up the use of foreign materials, and that their personal appearance would not improve in the ratio in which their milliners' bills were reduced. But of this we have little fear. At the same time the virtue of economy is not to be neglected with impunity, for sooner or later extravagance of every kind will work its own cure. The attempt to check it by such an appeal as that of the "Ladies' National Convention" is, however, sure to fail of its object, and were it otherwise the spectacle would be simply ridiculous.

It is in the nature of circumstances that all wars should lead to extravagant public expenditure and the suspension of specie payments, to an inflation of values and an active spirit of commercial speculation, by which private individuals become rapidly enriched; and it is only reasonable to suppose that these would seek to make a display of their newly acquired wealth by an ostentatious and expensive style of living. To complain of and argue and protest against the latter would, at a time like the present, be simply futile. People all the world over will assert their right to spend their money, and as much of it as they like, in their own way; and to say to the hundreds of thousands who have made money by the war, you must do this or do that, would be as absurd as tilting against the Pyramids.

THE MILITARY CAMPAIGN.

It is thundering all around the sky in dead earnest at last. The peals reverberate from every quarter of the horizon, but the bolts strike in only one or two places. After several days of hotly contested battles—such battles as are never fought in any country but the United States, that is, continuous conflicts of two and even three days' duration—the great army of the Southern Confederacy is worsted, and, at last accounts, was swiftly, sullenly retreating in the direction of the rebel capital. The moral effect of this result cannot be overestimated. The fact that every inch of ground has been so persistently contested, and that even up to Friday night neither side could claim a victory in the field, adds to the power of the blow which has been dealt against the Confederacy. It is noticeable that the tactics of the Southern leaders, first developed at Shiloh, were used by General Lee in this last battle with as much skill and force as ever before, but not with the usual success. These tactics consist in always taking and maintaining the initiative and hurling masses of troops now on one flank, now on the other, and never giving the enemy any chance to return the compliment. This peculiar manner of fighting was first tried against General Grant's army at Shiloh, and at that time with success. It failed, however, in this last great battle, though it came nearer to being successful than General Grant could have wished. But the hammer was at last broken on the anvil. The fiery valor and impetuosity so necessary for swift and overwhelming movements were more than overmatched by the obstinacy, steady endurance, and pluck of the Northern troops. Only once or twice during the great battle of

Friday were the Union troops permitted to assume the offensive, and then only in portions of their lines, and, it may be added, always successfully. And here there comes to mind the singular circumstance that General Lee has won no victory and achieved no decided success since the death of "Stonewall" Jackson at Chancellorsville. The whole face of history might have been changed had this general, who beat back our forces at Bull Run, who fell upon the flanks of our army at Chancellorsville, been present at Gettysburg or at this second battle of the Wilderness.

As we write, General Lee is falling back in the direction of Richmond, while General Grant, his army well in hand and cut loose from its basis of supplies, is rapidly advancing on the rear of the retreating enemy. It is surmised that General Lee will offer battle on the southern bank of the North Anna River; if any supplies or re-enforcements are sent him from Richmond, he will undoubtedly do so. But in view of the co-operative movement of our forces on the southern bank of the James River, it is more than probable that he will seek safety within the defenses of the rebel capital, and perhaps attempt to crush General Butler's army south of the city before General Grant can have time to make any serious attack on the city itself. His interior line affords General Lee an opportunity to accomplish this feat, unless, as is not improbable, the Union troops should outmarch him.

General Grant's strategy in all these recent movements is admirable, and entitles him to rank high on the list of the world's great military commanders. He has shown capacity, grasp of mind, breadth of view, confidence in his resources, and faith in the high qualities of his troops, all of which augur well for success in the great task yet before him.

While he is moving so vigorously on Richmond, movements of equal importance are under way in the Southwest. General Sherman has marched from Chattanooga upon Dalton, in Northern Georgia, while Generals Scoville and McPherson are co-operating with him by attacking the flanks of Johnston's army below Dalton. The objective points of the Union forces are, of course, Rome and Atlanta. The capture of the latter is of more strategic importance than that of Richmond. It is the real military capital of the Southern Confederacy, as it is the link, and the last link, which connects the Gulf States with those of the south Atlantic coast; and once fairly in our possession, the cotton states will be as truly lost to the Confederacy as are the states west of the Mississippi by our having the control of that river.

All the signs are cheering. The fighting is no longer scattered and aimless. Minor posts have been given up, that the Union forces may be concentrated against the vital points of rebellion. We have met with small reverses in North Carolina, Western Kentucky, and the trans-Mississippi region, but we have gained great successes in Virginia and Northern Georgia. We have lost a few pawns in this great game of war, but we have won knights and castles; and should we capture Richmond and Atlanta, we shall have taken the queen and checkmated the king. But it is not best to be too hopeful. General Lee has been defeated, but he is still a general of undaunted resources, and has an army that is well trained, well disciplined, and habituated to the varying fortunes of war. The end is not yet. Victory on the Rapidan may be followed by defeat on the Chickahominy or before the fortifications of Richmond. So far, however, all looks well. Our armies are well appointed, and advancing upon lines which, as far as the human mind can foresee, seem to promise success. It is the part of wise and patriotic journalism not to excite hopes that may be disappointed, but to stimulate that higher courage which is prepared for reverses as well as victories, and which, through all the varying scenes of eventful times like these, preserves an undaunted trust in the country and an unwavering faith in Providence.

We cannot lay down our pen without a word concerning the losses which have befallen the Union armies since they set out on their march to Richmond. Sedgwick, Wadsworth, Hayes, brave men all, have given their lives for the cause to which they had previously given their talents and their time. Nor do we forget the thousands of now nameless heroes who on Virginia soil keep their posts silently and well, though neither drum nor cannon have longer interest for them. They are witnesses to the valor with which our soldiers have fought in this dread contest; and when the account shall be made up of those who gave their all for their country, their names shall shine as bright as though their forms had been decked with the highest insignia of rank. While we watch with anxiety the march of the living, let us not forget those who marched long and well, and lay down to sleep at their country's bidding. The wounded, too, of whom there must now be several thousand, are to be kept in mind by their grateful countrymen. It is oftentimes easier to die for one's country than to suffer for it. Especially is this true when in the heat of battle, and under the pressure of that intense excitement which only those can know who have felt it, a brave soldier is hurried from time into eternity in the twinkling of an eye, as was General Sedgwick. Already the agents of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions are in the field, and we may feel assured that they will do all that can be done for the wounded. So, with remembrance of the dead, sympathy for the suffering, and

gratitude for the measure of success that has thus far attended General Grant, we wait for the final, crowning victory of the whole campaign.

VICTORY!

WHAT means the mighty pealing across the Northern hills?
What means the grand upstarting as with electric thrills?
As though a million clarions pent up with thunderous sound
Had broken through the barrier wall and clanged the wide land round!

Whence all this grand uprising, this joy among the free?
What news from hill and valley, what tidings from the sea?
O wires that flash with burnings, what message comes to-day
To kindle such rejoicing along the nation's way?

See where the shadow rested, as with a deathly pall,
On city, town, and hamlet, in high and lowly hall,
Now shines a new-born glory, now rolls the welcome cry,
And not a cloud is lingering to darkle on the sky!

O stars that gleam so brightly, what do ye see so grand?
Why all this mighty tumult that sweeps across the land?
The rills down to the rivers go singing with new joy,
The valleys seem to nestle some boon without alloy.

What answer from the Northern hills, what saith the surging deep?
What is the giant hand that wakes a nation from its sleep?
Who forged this wondrous clamor—what master of the keys
Has poured a mighty choral on every Northern breeze?

The mighty tocsin rolls its tides far up the granite hills,
Vermont shakes at the tidings and sends her answering thrills,
Down in the piny forests the lumbermen of Maine
Lay down the ax and lever and join the magic strain!

Hark to the bells of victory! Hark to the crystal chime!
And all ye people, listen! A melody sublime!
The star of triumph glistens—now on the golden page
Are valorous deeds recorded, the grandest of the age!

Within our Southern borders, one heart and hand to-day,
To free the land for evermore, is welcoming the fray;
How holds he to the iron wheel, how looks he but before,
Till Victory is the watchword on every hill and shore!

How march the serried columns on to the bloody strife
Where many a brave, true-hearted one shall leave his noble life;
Not long shall treason battle, not long her ensign flaunt,
For rebel hands that dared before are palsied by a GRANT!

How glorious is the music of Victory's golden strain!
All honor to the Chieftain who thrills the land again!
"No bridges for retreating—our work is all ahead,"
And so the Hero pushes on o'er heaps of scarred and dead!

O well if with this trial the bloody hand shall rest,
Thrice happy, happy land, indeed, with Peace and Quiet blest;
But with such leader at the head, if rebels flaunt their power,
The stream of blood shall fiercer flow, and clouds of sorrow lower.

A nation's thanks to all the brave, the living and the dead,
Who thrill the mighty nation with Victory's golden tread;
All hail the good old banner, soon glorious as of yore,
Yes, soon the royal ensign shall float from shore to shore!

The mountains tell the story, the vale and tinkling rill,
All, all around are singing, and waft the valor thrill;
No blood upon the meadow, no dust within the soil,
More great or glorious slumber the silent rest from toil.

The tears shall fall above them, sweet flowers conceal their grave,
While history's page shall honor the bravest of the brave;
They cannot be forgotten, ne'er passed unnoticed by,
Their names that are the nation's shall never, never die.

Between the bars of glory, where gleams shoot up amain,
Behold the good ship sailing, more great and good again;
Into the woof of sorrow, into the web of tears,
Is twined the golden legend of all the unwritten years.

Grand is the march of nations to Liberty's rich chime,
No louder, grander chorus can beat the shores of time;
High in the domes celestial, thrilled by seraphic choirs,
There is the soul eternal that lights the fadeless fires!
Flames that shall gleam for ever, bright from the sapphire wall—
This is the mystic legend—this is the tale for all!

UNDER THE BAN.

IT costs a struggle to rise above one's reputation. Doubtless Zacheus found the attraction of gravitation a trifling incumbrance as he climbed the sycamore, compared with the dragweight which the conventional character of his class imposed as he worried upward into virtue. It is not a *contradictio in adjecto* to speak of a holy executioner or an exemplary member of Congress, but both these worthy parties find the same hindrances affronting them as did the publican, and fearful is the temptation to barden into conformity with the verdict of a charitable public. It will hardly induce a healthy intellectual development to teach the subject indifferently that his capacity is questionable; this lesson, in spite of imputed obtuseness, he may learn, as have our fellow-citizens of African descent, with fatal facility.

All this is prefatory to a plea for a much-maligned order of men who have their being in a nimbus of prejudiced imputation, through which hazy medium they loom before the mental vision of the masses in all manner of distortion and untruth. Reference is had to that considerable fraction of society whose earthly tabernacles have not been fabricated after a shapely model, or more especially those whom the mere privation of comeliness does not designate with ade-

quate emphasis, but who are positively glaringly ill-favored. Ruskin tells us that "the age is characterized by absence of care for personal beauty." This is accepted if he means that the nineteenth century is before the ninth in the catholic humanity of its judgments; but if he would have us infer that in this respect public sentiment is in advance or even abreast of the general progress toward the idea of universal brotherhood, he is mendacious or mistaken. Mark the grudging or patronizing or chilly style with which the possibility of mental or moral worth is conceded to ugly men, and it will be granted that this narrow spirit ill comports with the spacious philanthropy of this era of missionaries, emancipation, and sanitary fairs.

Still we must gratefully recognize a gradual though tardy expansion of soul in this matter. Under Elizabeth a misshapen Briton, besides his sharper trials, was barred outright from civil preferment. That profane virgin, feeling that she wore a crown by divine right of her beauty, would suffer curtailment of the royal prerogative sooner than bate a jot of the worship exacted by her accredited charms, and the damsel of sixty-five, unsurfeited by fifty years of flattery, was glutinous of compliment as at fifteen. The well-known dictum of another queen, that "a proper person needeth no letters commendatory," she might have adopted with the supplement, "an hard-favored person lacketh no letters defamatory," as a clue to her scheme of dispensing honor. Leicester achieved pre-eminence in that he was "well-featured, of sweet aspect, and magnificent in costume." Essex won a lord-lieutenancy by virtue of his stately build; an "excellent constitution of leg" made Hatton chancellor; and so downward through every grade of those who were favored of the court. Now that this persistent repudiation of her unseemly subjects marks the defective enlightenment of the age, and cannot be credited to female caprice, there is ample evidence. What caused the wide-eyed wonderment of England's blooming ambassadors at the dextrous diplomacy of the Low Countries? Some of these poor Dutchmen were unsymmetrical! Recall, too, the speech of Yelverton (who was doubtless an Adonis) when chosen speaker by the Commons. Of course he was unequal to the dignity; everybody is. But why? "He that supplieth this place ought to be a man big and comely, stately and well-spoken, his voice great, his carriage majestic, . . . but contrarily the stature of my body is small, myself not so well favored, my voice low, my carriage lawyer-like and of the common fashion." Few poets of to-day would have so little dread of outraged ugliness as to sing with Spenser:

"So every spirit, as it is more pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight."

Few philosophers would teach with Bacon, "Unshapen persons are for the most part void of natural affection, and so have their revenge of nature." Few dramatists would portray a Richard electing a course of moral obliquities with the single aim to keep parallel with the twists in his vertebral column—

"Then since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook my mind to answer it."

Yes, we point with exultation to the hideousness of many magistrates as proof how clean these civil disabilities have been swept away before the tide of advancing tolerance; and we are heirs of so much countervailing history that writers lack the overgrown effrontery to iterate the brazen calumnies of that elder day. But story-mongers still give vent to a pusillanimous spite by creating some character to peddle out the defamation, while themselves slide from under the responsibility, as when some one in Kenilworth (and this is an unkind cut from Sir Walter, who herded with some very ordinary Scotchmen) notes "the malignity" of persons with bodily blemishes, and "the relish with which they feast on the distresses of others." A more subtle slander do they disseminate by implication; heroic virtue is bodied in a form of faultless chisel, and then some rough-hewn shape is set up to be informed with all uncleanness, idiocy, or hate. But after all it is not in books that the man of mean exterior reads most plainly that his title to generosity of soul is disputed. Whenever he comes into competition with personal graces, unless after years of contumely he has struggled up to a stable reputation, he is snubbed. Patronage warps to windward of him as if he were a leper; the licentiate with lineaments of proper trend receives the call he coveted; his idol elopes with the spruce sinner; his jokes are dropped still-born, while the vapidity of his neighbor with the goodly countenance are greeted with a riotous appreciation—and so *ad inf.* Is it a wonder, if, wearied by constant depression, the plain man relaxes his endeavors, and falls crushed flat beneath the overlying disparagement? Fortunately there is another possible result. "Men have risen to eminence," to quote De Quincey, "under powerful reaction of mind, in fierce counter-agency to the scorn of the unworthy, daily evoked by his personal defects."

Undeniably, then, out of men's books and words and acts there stands in staring legibility the dogma that ugliness is a sign or cause of morbid mind and morals; it augurs or engenders hardening of the heart and softening of the brain. Pray don't lock up your silver at the advent of an unseemly mortal. Trust him, and he will prove trust-

worthy. On the other hand, in your ardor to atone for any discourtesy of others, don't be exuberantly affable; you only bruise him with the opposite face of the same maul. His trial is that he has defects, and that their recognition effects a real severance between him and his fellows. Therefore ignore them.

THE DEAR DEPARTED—OUR SORROW STORES.

DOCTORS do not differ more widely in their methods of sending people to the shades than the bereaved in their styles of doing honor to the departed. It has been thus from the earliest historical period. The Calatians, according to Herodotus, considered it an act of filial duty to eat their deceased fathers and mothers. The Bactrians disposed of the lost members of their families in an equally singular way. They kept packs of mortuary hounds, to which they fed out their dead, and possibly our modern phrase, "gone to the dogs," could be traced to the Bactrian custom. Or it may be of later origin, for travelers inform us that "sacred dogs" are kept in some parts of Thibet at this day for the same sepulchral purpose. In ancient Balearia they pickled corpses. Alexander the Great, we are told, was put down, as soon as the breath was out of his body, in new hofey.

"And Queen Artemesia, by way of a bolus,
The ashes gulped down of her husband Masolus."

The Coans roasted and potted their departed friends; the Egyptians packed theirs away in spices; and the classic nations of antiquity, as a general thing, practiced cremation.

It is scarcely necessary, however, to refer to the past in order to show that there is no universal standard of taste in funeral matters. Almost every barbarous tribe has its own patent recipe for disposing of the relics of mortality. The Hottentots basket them; the Kaffirs use them as ground-bait for lions; the Orinocos place them where the flesh is nibbled from the bones by hungry fishes; some South American tribes grind the skeletons of their dead to a powder, with which they afterward pepper their food; and the New Zealanders stretch dead bodies on lofty platforms and leave them to the crows and buzzards. Civilized individuals, too, have their little eccentricities in relation to the *post mortem* disposition of the human clay. One would keep the worms from their feet with metal sheathing; another considers a rosewood coffin with silver mountings indispensable; a third would have his dead embalmed; a fourth prefers a spacious vault to the sexton's dark pit; a sixth thinks that the fittest resting-place for the body when its toils are over is a narrow bed under the sward.

The fashions of mourning the dead have been and are as various as the methods of putting them away from among the living. The old Romans bottled their tears and put them into the tombs of the deceased; the Greeks mourned the departed in white; the Egyptians in yellow. In ancient Jewry the relatives of the dead tore their gaberlines and poured ashes on their caputs, and we believe that strict Hebrews do the same now. Vermilion is the mourning tint of the Chinese; and the Turkish women grieve for their lords in blue. It is only in the most enlightened lands that black is worn in memory of those who are supposed to have passed to a brighter world.

We modern Christians are artists in our grief. We have made affliction, for one sex at least, a sort of telegraphic system, with appropriate symbols for all the stages of anguish. Our ladies mark with admirable precision the shades and gradations of their grief for the departed. They may be said to have reduced mourning to an exact science—to have brought to absolute perfection the heraldry of grief:

Fashion sorrows by rule:
At our *maisons de deuil*

She keeps color-sergeants her darlings to school.

In voluminous crapes

Her rich widows she drapes,

And curtains bright eyes whence no tear-drop escapes.

The crapy cloud lightens, as time wears away,

From ebony blackness to twilight—to day!

Soon jet, so lugubrious, to purple gives place,

And the series of lavenders follows apace;

'Till, the twelvemonth passed over—that sad "bridge of sighs"

For widows of fashion in sorrowful guise—

A carnival gay the long penance succeeds,

And the hues of the flowers take the place of the "weeds."

The sorrow stores, where tender remembrance is sold by the yard, do an immense business. The death fashions change quarterly, like the ordinary modes, and the disconsolate spend hours together in gazing through their tears at the latest "sweet things" in the *diminuendo* department of "the trappings and the suits of woe." Far be it from us to say that fashionable mourning does not serve to keep the memory of the loved and lost green in the souls of fashionable widows; but the question occurs, Why should their sorrow, if deep and genuine, need keeping alive with emblems? Why is it not permitted to go out by little and little in a quiet way, without the hoisting of a new flag every month or so to indicate the state of the lachrymal thermometer? Can it be that the sumptuous changes which mark the gradual transition from a chrysaloid state of black-and-all-black to full-blown butterflyhood, are intended as hints that widowhood on the wing is social and desires companionship? We have noticed that good-looking widows are

almost invariably dressed with great care. Their attire is fitted to their shapes with a nicety that the unaffected cannot rival, and their drapery has a flowing grace about it that is rarely seen in the robes of gay and volatile maidens whose happiness has known no cloud. We mention these phenomena without attempting to explain them. They are beyond our philosophy.

We men have no such opportunity to express a sense of our bereavements in an elaborate way. Our tailors uniform us in funeral black, our *chapeliers* encircle our hats with crape, and there an end. A widower cannot advertise the freshness or staleness of his sad condition by his clothes. It is impossible to judge of the state of his feelings from his hue. In fact the taste of mankind in this country runs so generally to black that it is only now and then that affliction finds one of us in motley. In nine cases out of ten, all we require to put us in full mourning is a weed round the beaver. Cannot this be remedied? Why should there not be sorrow stores for the stupider sex? Is there any just reason why lonely man should not be put through a course of French grays and puce and lavenders as well as woman? Do not our griefs become fine by degrees and beautifully less in the same way as those of the queens of creation? Certainly they do. Then let the progress of the sequence be made manifest in our coats and vests and pantaloons. Let us have the gradations of fading melancholy denoted by our hat cinctures, so that the public, and more particularly the angelic portion of it, may understand how we are getting along with our tribulations. How can the fair creatures know, under present circumstances, whether an unfortunate widower has just been plunged into inconsolability, or is emerging from it in a lively and approachable frame of mind? Who can say how many, many male mourners of nearly a year's standing may have missed eligible offers this blessed leap-year on account of the forbidding character of their sable suits and love-repulsing hat-bands? We submit to society the propriety of a sliding scale of funeral habiliments for men. Nothing can succeed in this world without advertising, not even grief. Who will take a store on Broadway and open a dry-goods tribulation shop for bereaved masculinity?

MR. CLARK MILLS, THE SCULPTOR.

AS Mr. Mills is the artist from whom the Government has ordered the only two equestrian statues in its possession, and as the work of casting in bronze the colossal statue of Freedom, recently placed on the dome of the national Capitol, was assigned to his hands, the subjoined sketch of his life will doubtless be read with interest:

Clark Mills was born in the state of New York, December 1, 1815. In consequence of the death of his father, he was put, at the early age of five years, with an uncle by marriage, whom he left between the ages of twelve and thirteen for imagined ill treatment. The following spring he worked on a farm and drove a wagon. He went to school that winter, working night and morning, before school hours, for his board. The next spring he went to Syracuse, N. Y., in search of work, and found employment at five dollars a month with board; he worked nine months, and received only five dollars; his employer failed in the fall, and he lost all that was due him. He worked during the winter at a different employment, and in the spring drove a wagon hauling lumber at Syracuse, where he remained one year at eight dollars a month and board. The horses were finally sold, and oxen substituted; finding an ox-team too slow for his "go-ahead" disposition, he left his employer and worked on the canal till the fall, and went to school that winter. In the spring he attended canal locks. The following winter he worked in a swamp cutting cedar posts, and got his feet so badly frozen that he was unable to wear shoes for several months, which suffering determined him never to work again as a common laborer. He then procured a situation with a cabinet-maker, working first for instruction and then for board. He next learned the millwright's trade and worked at that about two years, and left the employment to take charge of a plaster and cement mill.

His next move was for New Orleans, La., where he stayed about one year, and then went to Charleston, S. C., and learned the stucco trade, which business he followed until 1835, when he commenced modeling busts in clay. He soon discovered a new method for taking a cast over the living face, which enabled him to take busts so cheaply that he soon had as much work as he could do. He then resolved to try cutting in marble, and after procuring a block of native Carolina stone he commenced the bust of John C. Calhoun. At that time he was not familiar with the rules for cutting a bust, and was compelled to adopt a rule of his own, which was a very tedious process, requiring extraordinary care. He soon, however, succeeded in producing what was then considered the best likeness ever taken of Mr. Calhoun. The bust was purchased by the city council of Charleston, and he was also awarded a gold medal, on one side of which was inscribed the following:

[Aedes Mores Jurague Curat. (Artesque Fovit)
Ingenui premium virtuti calcar,
Id. Apr. MDCCCLVI]

On the other side:

To Clark Mills as a mark of respect for his genius for sculpture exhibited in his bust of the favorite son of Carolina, John C. Calhoun, and as an incentive to farther exertions, this medal is presented by the City Council of Charleston.

Soon after this, means were offered him by the wealthy gentlemen of Charleston to study in Europe. This circumstance found its way into the newspapers, and in a few days he received a letter from the Hon. John Preston (the gentleman who sent Hiram Powers to Italy), which stated that he had seen the notices about his visit to Italy, and that he would like him to come to Columbia, S. C., and take the busts of himself and wife, also that Col. Wade Hampton desired the busts of himself and daughters, and that he might cut them in marble when he had farther advanced in the art. He took the advice of friends and went to Columbia. After taking ten busts he returned to Charleston. A little incident occurred at this time which seemed to change his whole course. When he called to take leave of Wm. C. Preston, whose acquaintance he had formed, he remarked to the artist that he should see the statuary at Washington before visiting Europe. He replied that "if he should spend his means in traveling about, he would not be able to accomplish his main object." "As for the expense," said Mr. P., "if you will go to Washington and take the busts of my friends Webster and Crittenden, I will pay your expenses there and back, and pay you for the busts also." He readily accepted the offer, started for Washington, stopping in Richmond, Va., to see the statue by Houdon, which was the first statue he had ever seen. The first thing he did after his arrival in Washington was to visit the Capitol, that he might feast his eager eyes on the statuary there. He saw much to admire, and much which, even to his unpracticed eye, appeared imperfect. The drapery on the "Statue of Peace" seemed to surpass human skill, and the "Muse of History," recording the events of time, he thought was the grandest and most sublime idea ever conceived. Of the statue of Washington, by Greenough, he thought the anatomy perfect, though he could not associate Washington with the statue. The crowd of visitors, so far as he could learn, invariably condemned it for want of historical truth. He came to the conclusion while standing there that should he ever have an order for a statue, the world should find fault for his giving too much truth, and not for the want of it.

An accidental circumstance here gave rise to the order for the Jackson statue. He was introduced to the Hon. Cave Johnson, then Postmaster-General, and President of the Jackson Monument Committee, who, on learning his intention to visit Europe, proposed that he should give a design for a bronze equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson. Never having seen Gen. Jackson or an equestrian statue, he felt himself incompetent to execute a work of such magnitude, and positively refused. The incident, however, made an impression upon his mind, and he reflected sufficiently to produce a design which was the very one subsequently executed, and now adorns the public square in front of the White House. He concluded to accept Mr. Johnson's offer, and after nine months of patient labor he succeeded in bringing out a miniature model on a new principle, which was to bring the hind legs of the horse exactly under the center of his body, which of course produced a perfect balance, thereby giving the horse more the appearance of life; the model was adopted by the committee. A contract was made for the sum of twelve thousand dollars, the bronze to be furnished by the committee. Two years' labor and hard study and he finished the plaster model. After waiting nearly nine months, Congress appropriated the old cannon captured by Gen. Andrew Jackson, and, under various disheartening circumstances, the breaking of cranes, the bursting of furnaces, after six failures in the body of the horse, he finally triumphed. And on the 8th of January, 1853, the statue was dedicated. Soon after, Congress voted him twenty thousand dollars to remunerate him for his services. The sum of fifty thousand was afterward voted for an equestrian statue of Gen. George Washington, and that also occupies a central position in the metropolis. In the following spring, the city of New Orleans voted thirty-five thousand dollars for a duplicate of the Jackson statue. A farm was purchased on the Baltimore and Washington Turnpike, about three miles from Washington, for the purpose of erecting the necessary buildings, studio, and foundry.

Having completed the buildings, he was about to commence work, when a gale destroyed the studio. Before it was rebuilt the foundry was destroyed by fire, but it was rebuilt as soon as possible. After finishing the statue for New Orleans, he commenced the statue of Washington, which was completed and dedicated on the 22d of February, 1860. The living horse after which this statue was modeled was captured on a prairie near Fort Leavenworth, and was considered a remarkably fine animal. He was subsequently purchased of the artist by his friend James H. Hammond, of South Carolina, as an acquisition to his extensive stud. In June, 1860, Mr. Mills commenced the work of casting the statue of Freedom, after Crawford's design, which was completed in 1863, and now stands above the dome of the Capitol.

Such, in brief, is the story of another self-made man, and

one of the most fortunate of American artists. That he possesses genius of a high order cannot be doubted; and if his works do not possess all the conventional graces of European art, he has certainly produced two statues which are original and in perfect keeping with the manly vigor of the great Republic. At the present time Mr. Mills is engaged in taking busts in a manner peculiarly his own; and while he is assisted by one son, who inherits his father's genius, he has recently received the gratifying news from Munich that another son, who has been studying there the art of the sculptor, has been honored with the first prize of the Academy, and is the first American who has ever received a prize at that institution.

GRAPES.

Her love was weary one day at noon,
Wishing to be with his darling soon,
And looking up at the fervid sky
He fixed the sunshine with his eye,
And he bade it swim, and he bade it dart,
And bear her the warmth of all his heart!

But the sunshine sent a bunch of spears
From the awful source of the days and years—
How could it change its headlong flight,
And far away to the north alight?
While comets streamed or planets beamed,
Plainly the thing was not to be dreamed!
Yet the genial spirit who formed the thought
So perfectly with creation wrought,
Was so sweet and strong in his beautiful soul
That he held even nature in control.
His wish could the ancient laws reverse,
Darkness with light could intersperse,
All talismans of growth he knew,
All hidden spells and powers too,
And the secrets of the universe.
—Boon companion of the sun—
So here was a thing that must be done!

But how should the sunshine reach his love?
Should it mount again to the fields above
And fall on her with a quickening shower,
Breaking her soul to sudden flower?
Or should it dive to the depths of the sea,
The ever emerald shifting sea,
Dissolved and lost in some shapely shell
With rainbows prisoned in every cell,
Till clouded and thickened and tenderly toned,
As if a moonbeam such light had owned,
It gathered again in some perfect pearl
That comes to drop in her loosened curl?

But the bunch of spears to a house of glass
Was sent, and into its roof must pass,
And, before it could fashion half its thought
Lo, under the crystal dome 'twas brought.
Trapped and netted in leaf and spray,
How could the sunshine get away?
So, steeping the sod and gilding the tree,
The sunshine flew to strategy.

And it looked where some slender and succulent stems
Were wreathing themselves into anadems,
With verdure, as if with life instinct,
In all superfluous shape and tint;
And it watched the water that filtered through
And dropped away in a clustered dew.
Then into a thousand tiny pores,
Into the tissue of honeyed stores
That the slender stems had hidden away,
The sunshine melted in golden play.
And still as farther it wandered through
The kind vine lent it its humid hue,
Half of beryl, of gypsum half.
And pale as a foamwreath's flying scarf.
Till reaching at length the end of all,
Giving the twigs a bend and fall,
None, as it touched the perfumed air,
Would have guessed 'twas the sunshine dropping there.

But the flowers were each in the secret then,
The violet, rose, and cyclamen,
And they fluttered and shook out their sweetest breath,
And deepened their life and delayed their death.
And every petal put on fresh grace
And shed more summer about the place,
And the ravishing scent of their atmospheres
Sifted a bloom on the gathering spheres.
And soft to the red abutlon
The lily told how the work went on,
And into the panes with sunset's swoon
The wood-thrush flung his crumpled tune.

Dropping and dropping one by one,
Playing such tricks with the gracious sun,
Clinging together through all the hours,
And absorbing the souls of all the flowers—
Who might have dreamed 'twas the merry sunshine
Dripping away from the greenhouse vine?
Gathering what beauty was floating loose,
Crowding themselves with luscious juice,
The spice of summer, the essence of May,
And all in a slow and measured way

To the melody-dancing crystals' play—
Till stretching their gem-like sheaths in vain,
No farther sweetness could they contain.
Oval and ripened and rarely tinted,
Other sunbeams about them glinted,
And whoever paused to pay them court
Saw, in this bunch of spears' gay sport,
That the Spanish sunshine is not more sweet
Than that which daily falls at our feet.

And now by the mystic root or bud
They felt strange ties in their fragrant blood,
And knew them kindred to all that be
On the sunny slopes of Italy.
To all the vine-leaves that toss and dance
On windy hillsides of fairest France,
And they felt the Rhine in their bounding veins,
And the fulvid noon of Persian plains,
And they thought of vintages wild and gay
Where happy peasants keep holiday.
And over them in such brooding dreams
Mornings scattered their glancing gleams,
And they caught the heart and the soul of June
Beneath a wandering, waning moon,
While the crimson petal and flakes of white
Fed them for ever on colored light,
And, bloomed and curved into perfect shapes,
The lunch of spears was her bunch of Grapes.

REVIEWS.

RENAN'S STUDIES IN RELIGIOUS HISTORY.*

THE essays contained in this volume have a certain unity from their common reference to the history of religious opinions. "These topics," writes the author, "have for me a charm which I do not conceal and which I cannot resist. Of all the manifestations of human nature, religion is certainly the loftiest and the most fascinating. Among all kinds of poetry, this best reaches the ultimate end of art, which is to lift man up above the vulgar life, and to awaken in him the sentiment of his heavenly origin." In this spirit are reviewed some of the leading forms in which the religious sentiment has manifested itself; the religions of antiquity, with Creuzer for a guide; the Hebrew religion, following the track of Ewald; the part of the Semitic people in the history of civilization—the author's noted introductory lecture in the Collège de France; the critical historians of Christ, chiefly devoted to the rationalists, and to Strauss and Salvador; Mohammed and the origins of Islamism; John Calvin; Channing; Feuerbach and the New Hegelian school; the future of religion in modern society. Considered as a history of religions, the work is fragmentary and imperfect. It does not claim to be anything more than a selection of topics, treated not in a scientific order nor in an exhaustive method, but in the style of essays and reviews. At the same time it brings into view some of the chief forms of religious belief, and gives an insight into the author's own system. He criticises all beliefs, and finds in none of them a realization of the ideal. Religion is an aspiration after the ideal and the perfect, and neither in the objects of worship nor in the forms of worship has it yet attained perfection. Religion, like art and science, is a need of human nature; and like art and science, it is a continual progress toward a goal not yet attained. Such is the general theory pervading this volume; and in this theory we may find both the excellence and defects of Renan's essays on the philosophy of religion.

Many minds are attracted to Renan's writings by the clearness and beauty of his style, by his assumption of perfect impartiality, by his apparent sympathy with the most diverse forms of faith and sentiment, and by the calm assurance with which he handles the highest themes of thought, as if he had sounded all their depths and was able by criticism to assign to every creed its final and fitting place. And though he comes to no definite results, yet this, too, pleases those who are indefinite and indifferent. He finds in all creeds only a manifestation of the same human nature; and, as a man, he feels for all that is human, even its imperfections and feebleness. He opposes only those who hold to a fixed belief. Apart from these, he finds something good in all the forms of religion—Greek, Roman, Jewish, Christian, Roman Catholic, Protestant, deistic, and pantheistic—for all are equally products, in different degrees, of the religious sentiment, the aspiration after the ideal, which is an essential element of human nature. "Humanity," he says, in his superficial essay on Feuerbach, "has done everything, and we believe has done everything well. Under one form or another, God will always be the sum of our supersensual needs, the category of the ideal, the form, that is, under which we conceive the ideal, as space and time are the categories of bodies, that is to say, the form under which we conceive of bodies." This is the sum and substance of his religious belief; this is his God, an idea or ideal, without any conscious intelligence or personality. And this idea of God underlies all his special criticisms of the different forms of religion. It includes and involves a

denial of miracles, of positive revelation, of anything supernatural in the character and work of Christ, of any special authority to the Christian religion, of any possible definite form of religion at all. And this is the fundamental character, the real sense of these essays.

M. Renan's conception of the office and function of a critic is very lofty and very vague. All true criticism has at least two aspects under which it may be viewed. One is, the principles by which it is guided; another is, the method in which these principles are applied. The latter is, of course, secondary in importance; for the principles or assumptions of the critic determine the value of his labors; the application is easy and technical. Now, M. Renan assumes his principles as firmly established and not to be debated, and then claims an unbounded license in their application. On the ground of these assumed principles, he speaks with an air of infallibility. And the basis of all his criticism is, a denial of the supernatural; he expressly says (p. 42) that the first principle of criticism is "that miracle has no more place in the tissue of human affairs than it has in the series of natural facts;" "it begins by proclaiming that every event in history has its human explanation." And this assumption is neither debated nor proved. Not only so; he also claims exemption from all defense of this ground. He adopts a principle which subverts the basis of all historic religions, and then, in a tone of lofty independence, he proclaims that he cannot and will not discuss the question itself: "the question of fact in regard to revelation and the supernatural I never touch;" "polemics demand a strategy with which I am unfamiliar." This may indicate a very complacent state of mind on the part of the critic, but it can hardly carry conviction to any reader who is not already agreed with the writer. It is the dogmatism of rationalism. What is the difference in principle between such a claim to infallibility and that of the Roman See, excepting that it is made in the name of reason instead of the Church? But it is equally dogmatic and self-assured. And this method of criticism is seen to be still more objectionable when we consider that what is here assumed concerns the weightiest philosophical as well as theological questions which can be debated, viz., the existence of a personal God, the fact of a divine Providence, the possibility and fact of a specific revelation, the immortality of the human soul; in fact, all the doctrines and truths of natural as well as revealed religion. Our critic assumes that the need of discussing these questions has passed, and that he can safely base his whole criticism of religion upon a denial or ignoring of all the specific truths about God and his relations to man which men have always and everywhere accepted. As soon as we concede to criticism the right to make such assumptions, we virtually concede that the authority of religion has ceased.

The philosophy of religion—under which general head these essays come—consists properly of two parts: the one speculative or philosophical, the other historical. The former discusses the fundamental questions; the latter investigates the actual concrete forms of religious belief. All thorough German treatises on this subject embrace both of these points. Renan entirely neglects the philosophical parts of the subject. He assumes the results, and results of the most negative and revolutionary character, without giving his grounds or reasons.

He often dwells upon the impossibility of having a final and fixed form of faith, because, he says, it is impossible for the human mind on these high subjects to arrive at any definite conclusion; hence, all that is definite must necessarily be wrong. "The glory of religions," he says, "is precisely here, that they propose an aim that is above human strength, that they boldly pursue the realization of it, and nobly fail in the attempt to give a fixed shape to the infinite aspirations of the human heart." And he seems to imagine that this applies to religious belief in a way that it does not apply to science and philosophy. Science may come to fixed conclusions and dogmas, but religion cannot. But all this is very illogical and very contradictory. If the infinite and absolute nature of the objects of religious worship prevents us from having any definite belief, it is equally a bar to our having any fixed scientific principles in respect to them. Reason is here just as much at fault and at bay as is faith. If we cannot be dogmatic for religion, we cannot be dogmatic against it. The boasted claims of science are refuted by the same argument which refutes the boasted claims of religion. In undermining the basis of religious faith, the basis of scientific certainty is also undermined. If man be so impotent about attaining certainty on religious subjects—because these subjects are infinite, what right has Renan to say "that from the whole round of modern sciences comes this immense result, there is nothing supernatural?" Here is an affirmation about the infinite and absolute which is equal in boldness and definiteness to any that faith has ever uttered; and yet the author who affirms this also tells us that on these great subjects we cannot make any definite affirmation at all!

The particular essays contained in this volume are undoubtedly the fruit of considerable learning and reflection; but they are valuable chiefly as an exhibition of Renan's views, and will not materially contribute to the understanding or progress of the real philosophy of religion. The essay on Mohammed is one of the best and most candid; that

on Channing rates him much lower in respect to his general culture and attainments than his friends in this country have been in the habit of doing. Calvin is described as "morose," yet "the most Christian man of his age." The treatise on the religions of antiquity is mainly derived from Creuzer's work, as edited in the French translation, with considerable additions by Guignaut. It elevates the Greek religion, as compared with Christianity, to a higher position than the facts will warrant. The Indo-European religions are scarcely noticed. The article on the history of the people of Israel of course opposes the view that any supernatural revelation was given to them. The views of Ewald are in many respects followed, yet in such a way that Ewald himself recently said of the author (in the *Gelehrte Anzeigen* of Göttingen) that "he is ignorant of the true history of the people of Israel for the two thousand years preceding the advent of Christ; and although he might have had all facilities for appreciating their history in all its parts, he has not taken the pains to acquire a sufficient knowledge, partial or total." In the essay on the critical historians of Christ are contained the principles which the author, in substance, followed in his "Life of Jesus." Strauss is faintly objected to, as too "theological" and "timid."

The writer of the biographical introduction, "Mr. Henri Harisse," is a devout admirer of M. Renan, and gives an interesting sketch of his various works, with munificent encomiums. Renan's denial of a personal God and of miracles, and his explicit identification of Providence with the laws of the universe, are called "broad and liberal views." And in this breadth and liberality the eulogist even strives to outvie his master. He dissents from his explanation of the miracle of the raising of Lazarus, and says "there seems to be no alternative left than [?] to deny the resurrection of Lazarus altogether, regardless of texts and consequences." This is certainly a very convenient sort of criticism. But is it strictly scientific?

This volume, though better translated than the author's "Life of Jesus," will hardly increase his fame or popularity. It lacks the brilliancy of that romantic biography. And for scholars it is superseded by abler critical works on the same themes. And even his "Life of Jesus," we are glad to know, has had in this country by no means the success anticipated by its admirers. It was revolting both to the religious convictions and to the common-sense of the American people. Few are yet ready to view Christ as a sentimental hero or as a charlatan. Nobody can suppress a smile at the image drawn of Jesus, as rambling about Galilee "mounted on a mule, whose large black eyes, shaded by long eyelashes, are so very gentle." Meanwhile it is running its course in France; and Guizot, De Pressensé, Albert de Broglie, and Louis Veuillot, representing different Protestant and Roman Catholic tendencies, are all said to be preparing replies. In Italy it has been answered by Passaglia, by Appia, a Waldensian pastor in Naples, and by six or seven of the Roman Catholic writers. One priest has even found in the name of Ernest (Ernest Renan) the famous 666 of the Apocalypse, denoting the Anti-Christ; for these letters in Greek stand for 8 + 100 + 50 + 8 + 200 + 300 = 666. Renan himself has prepared an edition "for the consolation of the people," sold for 25 sous, "freed from the scaffoldings and obscurities." That is, he has left out the representation of Jesus as "a thaumaturge;" and has concealed the whole fiction about the raising of Lazarus, though he retains the famous scene in Gethsemane. In his preface to this popular edition he says: "To be a historian I was obliged to try and depict a Christ, who had the features, color, and physiognomy of his race. Now I present to the public a Christ shaped in spotless marble, a Christ simple and pure as the sentiment that created him." And in this sentence is unconsciously revealed the substantial defect of the whole work; for the Christ whom Renan depicts is in fact a creation of sentiment, and not a revelation of God, nor even a real historic personage.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS.*

TO draw the line between truth and fiction is one of the most difficult problems of the critical faculty, and to confound them is the antagonistic labor of the poetic sense. The imagination, with which the latter works, is more popularly considered a greater testimony to the indication of those whom the gods love than the opposite and less glowing perceptions of the wholesome truth; and hence it is that the prerogative of genius has more frequently secured the acquiescence of the world by virtue of its implied supremacy over ordinary human perceptions. The nation that has given us the iconoclastic Niebuhr had its Rückert, the poet of all moderns, who, by virtue of untiring revelry in the sphere, has best earned the name of a thorough if not most absolute bard, and he expressed the text of what we would imply in his praises of the intuitive domination of poetry:

"Let every one but open his mind
To this, the sun of the spirit kind,
And what's to be done he oft will find
Is easiest won by being divined."

* *Studies of Religious History and Criticism.* By M. Ernest Renan. Translated by O. B. Frothingham, Pastor of the Third Unitarian church of New York. With a Biographical Introduction. New York: Carleton. 1864.

* *The Age of Fable, or Beauties of Mythology; The Age of Chivalry, or Legends of King Arthur; Legends of Charlemagne.* By Thomas Bulfinch. 3 vols. 1863. *Poetry of the Age of Fable*, 1 vol., by Thomas Bulfinch (in press). Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

It was this belief that led Marlborough and Chatham to go to Shakespeare alone for English history. It was this dependence that induced Goethe, in writing his autobiography, to color his memory of the events with the prismatic hues of the imagination. It was this perception, in an artistic sense, that made Chantrey earn from Coleridge the award that his bust of Wordsworth was more like that poet than the flesh itself. In fine, it is this very thing that must always raise portraiture by an artist of genius above the mere truth as the photograph but approximately gives it.

It is hard to dispossess the world of any of its acquisitions. What it has once had, men claim for their inheritance. The work which culminated in Niebuhr of utterly discarding the historic value of the legends of early Rome will never displace the world's interest in them. Christianity has overturned the Pantheon of the ancients—

"All these have vanished,
They live no longer in the faith of reason;"

investigators, with Buckle at their head, have proved the utter worthlessness of these narratives about Arthur and even Charlemagne, as far as pertain to their historic meaning; yet at the same time an author like Mr. Bulfinch may come forward with a new recital, and find men glad to reward him. Tennyson has it,

"I am a part of all that I have met,"

thereby expressing thought we often find, that experience is ingrained in the life. And as with the individual, so it is with humanity. The perceptions, the thoughts, the sensations of the past generations, are transmitted in the flood, and proofs of their fallacy cannot eradicate them, for

"Still the heart doth need a language; still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names;
Spirits or gods that used to share this earth
With man or with their friend; and at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings what'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair."

How fitly is this symbolized in that statue of the Apostle in St. Peter's, now receiving the homage of Christian pilgrims, which once was the effigy of Jove himself. And the Catholic Church from this very symbolism derives its greatest power. What a comment upon it, in the history of poetry itself, was that revulsion in Germany half a century ago from the classic to the romantic. Schlegel and others professedly went over to the Romish communion because of the support they got to their poetic sense; and in our day we have Overbeck exclaiming, "We take the faith for the sake of the art it inspired." In England Kingsley and others have opened their eyes to the fact that Protestant realism has driven numbers to the embrace of Popery, so craving is the mind for the sympathy of the imagination that it can even break the bonds of society and education. According to Monsieur Rio, it is the same sentiment that has urged the development of the most marked art-culture of our day. It is in the naked symbolism of the school before Raphael that he finds the truest Christian art, and it is the study of this art in our time that has done most to arrest that realistic tendency of the pencil, which, under the domination of so powerful a master as Sir Edwin Landseer, threatened the apotheosis of the whole brute creation.

It has been the warning of rather weak minds that an age or country advanced beyond the polytheism of the old mythologies, or that have distarded the polytheistic forms of Christianity, cannot safely intrust the mind of youth with the contemplation of these emanations of the past, thereby by the doubt recognizing the very sense they hope to smother. They had done better to remember that perverse curiosity of the mind is ever thankful for all sorts of catalogues of interdictions, as saving the trouble of search for the morsels whose enjoyment is so much enhanced according to the measure of furtive use. Mrs. Jameson has shown a wise spirit in combating this delusion. In referring to her studies in elucidation of the artistic symbolism of the Romish worship, she defends herself from any charge of undue devotion to the subject by saying that "we cannot safely combat the errors of any man or system without first giving them full credit for whatever excellences they may retain." Such is the fair ground of all confident in the truth; and such was the praise of John Henry Voss in being the first to honestly work something like an intelligible order out of the hitherto confused mass of ancient myths; and such is the motive of all who, like Mr. Bulfinch, have taken advantage of his pioneering.

Men are prone to believe in myths, esthetically at least. Else we should lose much that is best in poetry; and how plainly that which the judgment renounces constitutes the very tissue of the art, a glance at the volume Mr. Bulfinch has now in press is sufficient to show. Myths and legends are the romancer's storehouse of fancy. They are the garner by their symbolism of all that is felt in the human soul. When we stop a revolving thaumatrope, we find the horse is upon one side and the rider upon the other, and only the whirl makes the twain appear one. It is just so with myths and the truth. Our judicial finger may interpose and show us the one from the other; but in the whirl of poetic fervor we see and believe as we see. There are pedants who say Æeop had no hump, Diogenes no tub, that Sappho never took the leap, that Lucretia was not chastity itself; but we hasten ourselves to pull away their finger and allow the

thaumatrope of tradition and fancy to go on with its sweet confusion. We give way to illusion willingly, and believe as soon in the broom the flying witch bestraddles as in that the doughty Van Tromp bore at his mast-head to sweep the skies.

"The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air."

It is only when we confound this poetic perception with the everyday realities of life that we launch into the unwarranted mystery of spiritualism. The faculty divine was intended as the enlivener and not the index of our lives. Romanism carries it to the same unsatisfactory extent. When in nunneries they play heaven, as girls play school, there is the incongruity of the make-believe seriousness of a fiction; and imitation verges on mockery by the translating of celestial bliss into human economy. But when the romancers play history, it is art in its legitimate sphere. When poetic truth and nature are mixed in the alembic of the mind of genius, the palpable fiction may assume a phase more real than truth alone. Hence the drama as Æschylus and Shakespeare have fashioned it.

Let us look a moment at a lesser master, and it shall be Massinger, and the play "The Virgin Martyr." He has taken one of the most beautiful of the early legends, and whatever we may think of the piece or of the foulness in it, a symptom of the age in which he wrote, the fact of his using this legendry to express the innate integrity of virtue, and how it must at last prevail, being placed to his account as evidence of his Romanism, is but little complimentary to the poetic sense of the critics, among whom we are surprised to find Kingsley. The legend is well known in literature and art, and the reader may pardon us if we present to him the reflection of its beautiful symbolism, whereby he judges how little it transcends the most genuine faith in its widest catholicity, and marks the bitter realism that would discard it for its Romanism. We hope not to be considered affected if in language somewhat we carry it back into the past.

SANTA DOROTHEA.

A virgin dwelt in Cæsarea:

She was both fair and good, this maid;
And night and day she fasted, prayed,
And all the poor knew Dorothea.

Fabriceus ruled the town for Rome:

A harsh gorballed man was he,
With havior fit for lecherie;
Of flaming lust his eyne the home.

She shrunk before the outcast's eye,
And clasped her mantle to her breast;
With eyne adown she heard the hest,
"Renounce thy God, or thou shalt die!"

"So let it be! my strength y-spent,
I go right glad to gain the prize,
The golden fruits of Paradise,
With wreaths of fadeless roses blent."

Up sterne the craven, woe and wroth,
And bid the deathman's grisly work;
The rabble, like the clouded murk,
Did fill with hurly, gird, and oath.

"Then Christ thee save!" with eyne full dim
The maiden cried withouten sigh,
And marked a clerly youth anigh—
Theophilus men clepen him.

"Pray, send us, maid," he said with mock,
"Those fruits of Paradise to taste."
"I will," she said; and, kneeling, placed
Her neck upon the headsman's block.

An angel came with winging bruit,
As fell the stroke withouten ruth;
He gave a basket to the youth,
And in it lay the golden fruit.

He took and tasted, all foredone;
A holy fervor in him grew,
An' Christ's guerdon warmed him through,
And life to him once more begun.

Ere the new moon's sickle come,
In resty dungeon close y-mewed,
For Christ's sake he gave his blude,
And wore the crown of martyrdom!

The strength of such legendry lies, of course, in the parallelism of human feelings which it incites, not in any belief of its supernatural aspect; and yet it were difficult to say how far withal the mind makes the distinction; and in that it fails to make one under certain conditions rests the power such recitals in the Catholic martyrologies have over the minds of multitudes. And what is true of this class of fables is equally true of the particular kind that Mr. Bulfinch illustrates. In them the great world struggle between Good and Evil is typified according to the spirit of the time. They have it in the Egyptian mythologies. In the North it is Balder whose recovery dispels the gloom of Walhalla. With the Greeks it is Persephone, new-voiced of late in the music of Jean Ingelow. In India and Persia there are its counterparts. Later it is St. George and the Dragon

and nations contend for the favor of maintaining their local interest in it. It is not Cappadocia, Lybia, Syria alone that would show us the spot where the serpent of evil succumbed, but traditionary lore has raised up advocates in Europe itself. We are told that it was at Berlin, at Leipzig, at Odenarde, at Svendborg even, that this victory of Faith was made. Such is the all-pervading meaning and all-prevailing power of myths and legends.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

Character of the Gentleman, The Art of Conversation, and The Perfect Gentleman, are three books having in view very similar purposes, though using different means to attain them. The "Character of the Gentleman" was originally delivered as an address to the students of Miami University, Ohio, by Prof. Francis Lieber, LL.D., but is somewhat enlarged in this edition. It is such a work as might be expected of the accomplished author, who, we may say in passing, excels in the treatment of subjects that are not immediately affected by current events. His definition of the word gentleman we quote entire, for upon it hangs all the matter of which the book is composed:

"I believe the word gentleman signifies that character which is distinguished by strict honor, self-possession, forbearance, generous as well as refined feelings and polished deportment—a character to which all meanness, explosive irritableness, and peevish fretfulness are alien; to which, consequently, a generous candor, scrupulous veracity, and essential truthfulness, courage both moral and physical, dignity, self-respect, a studious avoidance of giving offense to others or oppressing them, and liberality in thought, argument, and conduct, are habitual and have become natural. Perhaps we are justified in saying that the character of the gentleman implies an addition of refinement of feeling and loftiness of conduct to the rigid dictates of morality and the purifying precepts of religion."

This definition is certainly long enough, but is it complete? Are there not some other qualities which are essential parts of a true gentleman in the highest sense of the word? We leave the reader to answer the question and take up "The Art of Conversation," of which we can hardly speak too highly. It is not, as one might infer from the title, a collection of phrases asserted to be suitable for various circumstances in which conversation is conducted, but a series of short, familiar, and pertinent directions, pertaining more to the spirit that should pervade conversation than to the modes of its expression. We are tempted to transfer to our columns a few judicious words in relation to the use of foreign words and phrases which apply to writing as well as speaking:

"Never use a foreign word when its meaning can be given in English, and remember that it is both rude and silly to say anything to any person who possibly may not understand it. But never attempt, under any circumstances whatever, to utter a foreign word, unless you have learned to pronounce correctly the language to which it belongs. If you have not been able to acquire the tongue, remember that 'French Without a Master,' or any similar work, will enable any one, with a few hours of careful study, to pronounce at least tolerably."

Any person who attempts to read the current literature of the day must see the appropriateness of these remarks. French is oftentimes called into service by ignorant scribblers, Latin comes next, Greek next, and sometimes German. We recall, in this connection, a remark of William Cullen Bryant to a young man who was then attached to the *Evening Post*, and who had submitted to Mr. Bryant an article for the paper. The latter, whose felicity in writing prose is not a whit inferior to that of his poetical efforts, read the manuscript, and commented upon it in substantially these words: "My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your article. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance when I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I found a better one in my own language." Of "The Perfect Gentleman, or Etiquette and Eloquence," we do not propose to say more than that it is a vapid, catch-penny affair, containing neither sense nor reason. It is hardly worth the notice we have given it.

The Soldier Boy.—Mr. William Adams, who is better known under the *nom de plume* of "Oliver Optic," has for many years been one of the most successful writers for youth in the country. He is almost as well known to the readers of juvenile magazines as was old Mr. Willis in the palmiest days of the *Youths' Companion*. His popularity is, perhaps, best evinced at the time when Christmas stories are gathered together, when it is considered the fair thing for the youngsters to slyly hint as to the line of their particular desires. The booksellers are always well supplied with the "Optic" books on these occasions. The "Boat Club" was a capital book for boys, as was "All Aboard," and other stories by the same author. The "Soldier Boy" we think the best war book yet issued for boys since the rebellion began. It does not excite by over-wrought stories, but gives the true narrative of field and camp life, such as every boy wants to know. Vastly better is it for the youth of the land to read such books, than the silly, tragic stories which some of our publishers have the conscience to print. Our juvenile literature has needed a decided reformation. It may do for the older and experienced to nauseate themselves with such

stories as appear in the *Ledger* and other weeklies of a similar character, if they are so disposed, but really it is too bad to have these sublimations put into the market as fit for Sabbath-schools, and as instructive books for boys and girls. The character of Mr. Adams's writings we believe to be uniformly good, high-toned, and beneficial.

Dangerfield's Rest.—American novelists of the sensational school seem to take courage at every new success by any member of their craft, and forthwith we are deluged with ridiculous tragedies of every grade of stupidity. "Cudjo's Cave" was forced into a notoriety that only money and energy could possibly have given it, and at once there follow in its train the most astonishing attempts at imitation and like sensation. Such an effort is "Dangerfield's Rest," a novel which is not a novelty, a story with a plot too threadbare and ancient to be noticeable in any respect, and a literary work which we should suppose a machine writer could produce at the rate of a given number of quires every hour. It certainly surprises one to learn from the publishers that it is the "work of a polished and experienced pen." There are beyond question frequent evidences of a pen often used and often abused, but the "polish" is not so apparent. The whole book is simply another attempt to excite by details of crime and wickedness, such as no respectable household will allow within its limits. Some of the narrations are actually disgusting and every way unworthy the imprint of a well-known publisher. We dislike to meet with such a flimsy, fictitious, unreal portrayal of life among the people. It is not correct, and more than this, creates an unhealthy taste for morbid sensationalism. The publishers say that it "will be especially attractive to those who believe in the indestructibility of the Union, and to those who desire to see the American people rise through their present ordeal to a higher standard in morals and manners." We have looked through the volume, if possibly we might detect the inspiration of Union feeling and sentiment; but we have failed to find anything especially prominent in this respect. It is simply an old style, commonplace, nauseating story, which many will read, and which many will deplore. It is wonderful how persons can enjoy such works in these hours of event and truth which are vastly more strange, and certainly more real to us, than all the fiction of the book-mongers.

Flowers for the Parlor and Garden.—Now that the spring sun is moving into life and blossom the new comers in another floral campaign, we cannot in justice omit to call the attention of our lady readers to a very beautiful volume which was published in the dead of winter for their especial benefit. The book itself is a flower—a gem of typographical beauty. Certainly no handsomer guide-book for the cultivation of flowers has ever been published in this country. It is as fresh and pleasant to look upon as are the arbutus blossoms which are now putting forth their white and pink bells in token of spring. Mr. Edward Rand, Jr., could not have put his name upon a more memorable page than upon the title-leaf of his exquisite book upon the culture of flowers. No space is occupied with useless poetical quotations and rhapsodies, but everything is plain, practical, and valuable. It is just what it professes to be, a guide-book for the garden. Every lady can own it, and feel assured that she is, for one, favoring nothing of politics, war or sensation literature. She has that which can make every one happier and the world brighter. Of course those ladies who are too exquisite to cultivate flowers will not care for its instructions, but every true woman who would make home pleasanter, more genial and cheerful, and herself more refined in the highest sense of the word, will welcome any help in the culture of her flowers.

John Law and the Mississippi Bubble, translated from the French, has recently been published by Mr. James G. Gregory, with the expectation, we presume, that it will find a ready sale by reason of the excitement in financial circles. The book contains information that young men should possess themselves of, if they do not yet possess it. Law's career is an old story now, but the lessons it teaches will always be fresh, and never more opportune than at the present time. We quote a paragraph from one of the earlier chapters, in which might be substituted for the word "he" many names that occur to us:

"He [Law] thought that the prosperity of a country depended upon the amount of money in circulation, and that this amount might be increased at pleasure."

It is curious to note that in this history of Law's career, will be found every idea that has been advanced by the present Treasury Department of this country, and yet nearly two hundred years intervene between our time and that in which Law figured. In fact, if Mr. Chase had adopted Law's system of finances as a model, he could hardly have followed it more closely than he has. We trust, however, that he will spare the country the denouement which attended the system of the early part of the eighteenth century. Typographically, the book is commendable. The translation is only fair. In many instances the translator seems to have tried either to transfer French idioms bodily into our language or to torture the latter into expressions which are indigenous to the French. Success in either case is actual failure.

Mr. H. W. S. Cleveland, an "old sportsman," has written, and the Appletons have published, a readable volume of small dimensions, entitled "Hints to Riflemen." The writer gives some facts about English archery in the olden times; states the general principles of rifle practice; devotes a chapter to the rifle reduced to target use, another to projectile force, and another still to the merits of different classes of guns, and the different kinds of metallic cartridges. All the various patterns of rifles are fully described, and the concluding chapter pertains to the writer's own choice of a rifle. Mr. Edward Stabler, a Maine sportsman of some repute, furnishes an essay on rifles, which adds value to the book. While the volume is marred to the eye of the general reader by the interwoven advertisements of the prominent rifle manufacturers, yet as a whole it must be of great advantage to hunters and others who are at a loss to know what constitutes a really good rifle. Mr. Cleveland's personal preferences are freely expressed for the Colt and Maynard weapon either for sporting or military purposes. He, however, acknowledges the general needlessness of an exceedingly accurate rifle in war, but one as well made as the Springfield gun answers almost every possible purpose. The Maynard rifle has always been a favorite with General Scott, and is certainly a most wonderful piece of skill. But, if we mistake not, Mr. Cleveland has rather the strongest leanings toward the Colt repeater. The book is reliable as a guide, and is eminently practical throughout.

Nancy Blake Letters to a Western Cousin is the title of a popular *jeu d'esprit* just published by John Bradburn. It is very much after the style of "Nothing to Wear," which had such an extensive sale a few years since, though in point of poetical merit it is much inferior to that. Nancy Blake, an honest country lass, visits her aunt, Mrs. McAyres, whose husband, "a tailor, who lived in a very small way," became rich by the war, or as Nancy tells the story:

"Now, my uncle McAyres was a loyal man,
And his loyal soul was fill'd with a plan—
To serve his country, with a thankful heart,
In his humble way he would act his part.
So they worked and worked, for the need was sore;
All day they worked in my uncle's store,
And made coats for the men that went to the war.
By what strange chance, I never can tell,
For the coats turned out not quite so well
As the people had hoped, but just in a day
My uncle grew rich in some wonderful way."

With her aunt for a guide, Nancy goes shopping, attends church, rides to the Central Park, listens to an opera, and sees her cousin, Miss Jenny McAyres, married, all of which is duly narrated in the book. At times this simple girl hears the word "shoddy" whispered in her ears, and wonders what its meaning can be; at last she ascertains, and closes her last letter in these words:

"Let no smile wreath your lip when shoddy is spoken,
Be it ever to you a sign and a token
Of hopes that were crushed, of hearts that are broken.
Let no woman that's pure in this beautiful land,
Pass over this crime, or hold forth her hand
To the man or the woman defiled by this brand.
God's curse is upon it—lo! the angels above,
Who are keeping o'er earth their vigils of love,
Start back in affright whenever 'tis heard,
In the kingdom of light, this terrible word,
With no humor attached to cover its name,
The tears of the angels cannot blot out its shame."

We have made these extracts to show of what style the book is. As poetry, it is wretched stuff; but years hence, when the present war and all that pertains to it are matters of history, an effusion like this may provoke a smile on the face of the antiquary. Who now recalls any of the poems of this stamp which the American Revolution evoked? Yet there were a plenty of them, and many doubtless achieved extended popularity at the time. Happily, poor poetry dies easy. The specimen before us is well decked with tinted paper—but will it live? We think not.

ART.

The regular monthly meeting of the Century Club took place last Saturday night. As usual, the artist members added to the pleasure and interest of the evening by sending to the little gallery of the club the latest works from their easels. The collection was pleasing and various. Six photographs, after drawings by Mr. John La Farge, illustrating certain poems by Robert Browning, excited the highest attention. Mr. La Farge's illustrations were fanciful, unique, somewhat obscure in meaning, but exceedingly interesting, with some exquisite lines, and a feeling profound enough to justify the effort to picture to us the most positive conceptions of a poet at once metaphysical and graphic. To give the body of the poet's thought is possible; to express its soul is not so easy; it can only be done by implication, by suggestion. We scarcely know Mr. La Farge's designs as yet. We are simply conscious of the impression they made on us. The most obvious in its meaning and excellence, and therefore perhaps the most ordinary illustration, is that of "Childe Harold looking for the Dark Tower." We hope to see these illustrations again, when we shall be able to write more definitely of their limitations and merits.

Mr. KNOEDLER'S COLLECTION will be sold at public auction on the evening of Thursday, the 12th, and that of Friday, the 13th of May. The pictures have been on exhibition at the old Dussel-

dorf Gallery for the past week. Troyon is represented by one of his most masterly works, a picture ample in style and rich in color; Frere by one of the finest examples of his skill; while most of the French artists of distinction are represented, as well as all our leading American painters. The sale is probably the last and best of the season, and we recommend it to our art lovers.

FRENCH AND FLEMISH ART IN LONDON.

LONDON is at present enriched by an exhibition of French and Flemish pictures. Several artists of promise, new to England, have been brought forward. The two best known and remarkable exhibitors are Leys and Gallait. The critic of the *Saturday Review* intimates that Gallait's work is degenerating into melodramatic representations of history, and writes that subjects so terrible as those which the artist appears to prefer must be treated with the utmost adherence to simplicity and truth. The great Leys—as he is called by the critic above mentioned—is represented by a picture similar to that in Mr. Belmont's gallery. Leys is a painter who has surrendered himself to the past. The *Saturday Review* commends his work, and writes of the quality that most fascinates us in Leys's pictures: "This mysterious quality, which Raphael possessed in the highest degree, is, we suppose, the visible expression of that deeply seated grace which in life flows from the inward nature of the person, and which, in art, can only be caught by one who, as Carlyle said of Shakespeare, works from within outward."

JEROME is said to exhibit a complete and satisfactory specimen of his genius. His marvelous precision in form, and that high intellectual grasp of his subject which, even when the subject is not attractive, rarely fails this great artist, are here united (in the "Nile Barge") with a less monotonous and low-toned scale of color than is usual with him. Each of the five figures in the barge—the old pasha, who lies looking upward in despair, as, bound hand and foot, he is slowly borne to probable execution; the musician at the prow, who tries to while away the prisoner's anxieties; the sturdy rowers; the stern steersman who commands the despotic convoy—each, while he plays his full part in the drama so forcibly and so silently indicated, is at the same time rendered with a skill by which few living artists might not profit. The outstretched arms of the oarsmen—one a swarthy African, the other a fairer-skinned man of Lower Egypt—would alone form a very singular and interesting study. All around is the green, glassy Nile, whilst the horizon is broken by the ruins of Thebes, over which a few bars of lustrous gold break and light up the oppressive monotony of the gloomy sky. Frere, Durverger, Thom, and Lambinet, are well represented. The article from which we quote calls special attention to a work entitled "The Cottager's Removal," by Israels. The critic writes:

"We never saw the all-pervading damp chill of twilight on a summer's morning rendered with intensity such as this. Impressive, however, as it is as a piece of art, it is more impressive as a piece of sentiment. The intimate correspondence of feeling between the sky and the landscape, and the pathos of the figures, put the picture at once in the sphere of high inventive art. Yet, pathetic as it is and should be, there is nothing morbid or overstrained; it has the truth of Crabbe, with a poetry Crabbe rarely reached. It is well that amidst so many scenes in which the life of the poor is touched, from the side of innocent gayety, we should have a work which, like this, brings us home—without pain, yet not without seriousness—to those realities of poverty which would be fain ignored, or at least concealed from sight, by the selfishness or sentimentalism of cultivated society."

ART NOTES.

WE learn from Boston that Mr. Wight, whose "Eve at the Fountain" our correspondent spoke of during the winter, has just sold out the accumulations of his studio, previous to his leaving for Europe, but without eliciting very favorable prices. In fact the subjects were mostly mere studies on small canvases, and of more worth to the artist as memoranda than to any one inclined to spend money. The chief interest in the sale pertained to an original likeness of Humboldt, painted in Berlin some ten years ago during the artist's former sojourn abroad. It has been engraved, we think. As a piece of flesh coloring it has claimed notice. It brought \$200. A portrait of Agassiz sold for \$60. The total proceeds were about \$1,000. An original by Allston, "The Evening Hymn," belonging to the estate of the late Mrs. Dutton, is advertised to be sold by auction on the 18th.

[AN ARTIST'S LETTER.]

A NEW monthly magazine, "La Nouvelle Revue de Paris," recently published in Paris, contains a very witty and remarkable letter from a well-known artist, M. Gustave Courbet.

"Omans, Jan. 16, 1864.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: My life is a web of accidents. I had begun for the next exhibition of paintings an *epic* painting, that is, a satire after my way. I had completed two-thirds of the work, when yesterday, while I was absent, somebody entered my studio by a door against which my easel stood, and which I thought I had nailed up. As the door opened, it pushed the foot of the easel, the picture fell on my chair, which pierced the very best part of the picture. Farewell, picture! I have not time now to begin it again. This picture was an allusion to the state of cotemporary poetry—a serious, although a comic criticism. I had assembled the poets in the sacred valley watered by the streams of Castalia and Parnassus, and I made them drink at Hippocrene's spring. Farewell, Apollo; farewell the Muses; farewell the splendid valley which I painted; farewell, De Lamartine, with his begging-bag and lyre; farewell, Baudelaire, with his notes in hand; Pierre Dupont, who drank; Gustave Mathieu, with his guitar and sailor's hat; Monselet, who accompanied them and kept his skeptical look. The 'Spring,' invisible to the Apollo's modern army, is visible in the foreground to the public. She is a beautiful woman, entirely naked, like M. Ingres's Spring; a beautiful model I got from Paris. Lying on her moss-covered rock, she spat in the spring and poisoned all the unfortunate drinkers. Some had hung, others had

drowned themselves. Theophile Gautier was smoking a Turkish pipe with an almée by his side. I cannot tell you everything; for if one could express everything in paintings, if one could translate them into speech, there would be no use painting pictures. How much I do lose at one blow! Farewell the recriminations of friends; farewell the invectives of critics; farewell the fury of poets against odious realism! The exhibition will once more lack gayety. But everybody will grant me this much: if I deprive my detractors of a good opportunity, the fault is not mine; I tried my best to give it them."

GALILEO ON PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

In a letter to Cigolo the painter, dated June 26, 1612, is a discussion on the relative merits of painting and sculpture. Galileo gives the preference to painting. He says:

"As to what sculptors argue, that nature moulds men but does not paint them, I reply that she makes them not less by painting than sculpture, because she both sculpts and colors—but that this is their imperfection and a thing which detracts from the value of sculpture; because, the farther are the means by which a thing is imitated from the thing itself, so much more the imitation is marvellous. . . . Do we not admire a musician who by singing represents the complaints of a lover much more than if he did it himself by weeping and crying? Still more we admire him, if, being silent, by means only of his instrument he describes the same. For this reason, then, what merit is there to imitate the sculpture of nature by sculpture itself? Certainly none at all, or very little; but most artful imitation is that which represents relief by its contrary—which is a plane. Painting, therefore, is more admirable in this respect than sculpture." He adds: "The argument of the eternity of sculpture is of no value, because sculpture does not render marble eternal, but marble renders sculpture eternal, and this privilege is no more peculiar to it than to a rough stone. Finally, sculptors always copy, and painters do not copy; and those imitate things as they are, and these as they appear: but, inasmuch as things are only in one mode, and appear in infinite modes, the difficulties of attaining to excellence in art are greatly increased by so copying them; wherefore, excellence in painting is more admirable than in sculpture."

PHILADELPHIA ART NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, May 11, 1864.

UPON a hot spring day like this, how one shut in by the interminable expanse of brick and mortar longs for the green fields and budding woods now so enchanting in their wealth of vernal beauties, and teeming with fragrant blossoms. Perhaps the nearest approach we can make to the enjoyment of nature herself is to seek the Academy galleries, and console ourselves with the transcripts of nature there presented. Such a satisfaction I had this afternoon, when, leaving the heat and noise of Chestnut street, doubly heated under the influence of the stirring news from Virginia, I spent my leisure hours among the landscapes in the northeast gallery. Of some of these which more particularly attracted me, I propose briefly to speak.

W. T. Richards is represented by two pictures which fairly exhibit his two moods. The first—it has no distinguished title, simply "Landscape," No. 86—is more characteristic, at least more as we have been accustomed to see in his works: a quiet brook, with overhanging rocks, some large dark oaks, and beyond, a sunny pasture—rend-red with all fidelity, and without harshness. I do not intend to discuss the right or wrong of Mr. Richards's manner; he endeavors to put upon his canvas the works of nature as he sees them, omitting nothing, generalizing nothing; and if we see nature differently, let us not pronounce him wrong, but try and look from his stand-point, and see if his pictures do not impress us as truthful renderings of their subjects. For my own part, when I have said that the greens of this picture appear to me cold and wanting in life, I have scarcely any other objection to offer. The drawing is more beautiful even than Mr. Richards is wont to give us; the faithful, loving delineation of grass and fern and tree trunk, the cool depth of the water, and the sunny pasture in the distance, where cattle are grazing beneath the leafy boughs, are charming.

Mr. Richards's other picture, "Bonquet Valley in the Adirondacks," is very different in conception and execution, but we recognize the same faithful hand carefully transcribing every growth of the foreground, and clothing the distant hills in the golden sunshine of midsummer. Yet this picture does not altogether satisfy us; there is a thinness in the manner, and a want of largeness of style, which prevent its taking the highest rank.

Wilcox exhibits two pictures; the first, "A View in the Green Mountains," is a pleasing representation of a green New England valley seen in the hazy light of a spring morning. The fault of this picture is a grayness and want of strength in color, and the impression conveyed by it and by Mr. Wilcox's other work, the "Rural Scene in the Suburbs," of which I spoke in a previous letter, is rather that of a want of confidence on the part of the artist; but this he will in time acquire by fearless study of nature. It is the loving care with which his pictures are painted that makes them so attractive, and causes us to look expectantly for his coming works. With the two little landscapes of J. L. Williams I have the same fault to find, of a pale gray color, though his "Quiet River" is really very sweet.

T. Moran has painted this year a picture which is in many respects better than anything he has heretofore done, an "Autumn on the Wissahickon." The splendid brilliancy of our October landscape is portrayed with truthfulness and grace, and with a care for which we had hardly given Mr. Moran credit. There is some bad drawing in the foreground, which is, too, rather glaring in color, but the whole is real and effective, and among the most attractive landscapes of the exhibition. After looking at this work, it was with surprise that I turned to No. 31, "Windsor Castle," by the same artist. Here is a large picture painted in a Turneresque manner, thin and yellow and unmeaning. The trees are the mere suggestions, or rather shadows of trees; the color of the whole is one sickly yellow green; and though it may be an excellent likeness of Windsor Park—from the numerous prints we see of this same view there is doubtless truth in the main prints of the picture—it certainly bears no resemblance to anything that grows

upon this side the Atlantic. O Mr. Moran, we are glad to welcome your truthful hills and autumn woods, but not any more Turner and Windsor Castle, if you please.

One of the most charming pieces of simple scenery in the exhibition is a little picture, "Among the Alleghanies," by Geo. Hetzel. It is an interior of a wood, with a shallow brook running in a stony bed. The drawing is admirable, and the color cool and pleasing. Mr. Hetzel also exhibits two pictures of dead game, which are really extraordinary in execution, although wanting in pictorial effect. He has apparently made no attempt at composition, and all his birds are in the same position. Mr. Hetzel is an artist of whose works we should like to see more, and would gladly welcome a more important picture.

LITERARIANA.

SOME five or six weeks since we announced the contemplated sale of the library of the late Mr. John Allan, of this city, and after specifying a number of the "lots" in the catalogue, made a few comments on the folly of book-collectors. We had no idea at the time that we would be called upon to chronicle a greater folly than any that we then mentioned, but so it is, the folly in question being the sale which we announced, and which occupied all the evenings of the past week. We say folly, but the word idioy would better characterize the conduct of many of the buyers therein. For what is it but idioy for a number of wealthy but ignorant men to pit themselves, each against the other, for the possession of books of which they know little or nothing, and which, in most cases, have no real bibliographical value, being neither "rare," "very rare," nor "rarissima" (the catalogue to the contrary notwithstanding), paying for the same not once, twice, or thrice their marketable value, but oftener an increase of five hundred or one thousand per cent.? It was a curious spectacle to see these gentlemen running up the gamut of tens, twenties, and fifties, each striving to overtop the other and secure the prize of the moment; but it was not one which increased the respect of the cooler lookers-on, either for them or the bibliomania of which they seemed to fancy themselves the patrons. Could they have recalled—say when the Burns "lots" were being sold—the terse couplet of that noble poet,

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us,"

and have made a home application, the eagerness of their competition would, we think, have received a check. We have attended a good many sales in our time, and some at which books brought what were then considered great prices; but we never saw, never read, never dreamed even, of the prices realized by several "lots" in the Allan collection. It was monstrous, it was laughable, it was humiliating to see how recklessly greenbacks were scattered. A list of the prices which a number of the works fetched may give the readers of the ROUND TABLE an idea of the spirit which animated many of the buyers. Let us run through the catalogue alphabetically. Anacreon, Moore's translation, illustrated with 52 plates, and containing an autograph letter, \$60. Barlow's Columbiad, \$31. Blair's Grave, Blake's Illustrations, \$22. Ann Eliza Bleeker's Poems, \$11. Burnet's History of his Own Times, \$160. The Kilmarnock edition of Burns's Poems, \$106. An illustrated edition of Burns, in five volumes, \$200. Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, 145 portraits, views, etc., and 44 autographs, \$130. Another edition, with 110 portraits, etc., \$20. Chatter's work on Wood Engraving, \$102. Dibden's Bibliomania, 2 vols., illustrated, \$720. Elliot's Indian Bible, \$825. Francis's New York during the last Half Century, illustrated, \$150. Hogg's Queen's Wake, illustrated, \$39. Ireland's Chalcographiamania, illustrated, \$30. Ireland's Scribblemania, \$50. Irving's Knickerbocker's History of New York, extended to folio, and illustrated with 275 plates, \$1250. Another copy, with 107 plates, \$400. A third copy, \$55. Mary Queen of Scots, illustrated with 236 portraits, views, etc., \$375. Mathias's Pursuits of Literature, illustrated, \$45. Life of Sir Humphrey Davy, \$50. Mrs. Piozzi's Love Letters to William Augustus Conway, illustrated, \$37 50. Pope's Rape of the Lock, 89 plates, \$100. Putnam's Flying Tour in Europe, illustrated with 145 plates, \$82 50. 2 copies of Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, \$25 each. Rogers's Pleasures of Memory, illustrated with 103 plates, \$92 50. Knight's Hamlet, illustrated, \$150. Shaw's Dresses and Decorations, \$60. Shaw's Illuminated Ornaments, \$100. Somerville's Chase, illustrated with 100 plates, \$40. Sternhold and Hopkins, \$19. Trumbull's Autobiography, illustrated with 100 plates, \$80. Walpole's Strawberry Hill Catalogue, illustrated, \$200. Walton and Cotton's Angler, illustrated with 260 plates, \$150. Ward's Simple Cobbler of Aggawam, \$155. Washington's Diary, \$50. Whitney's Choice of Emblems, \$55. Wither's Emblems, \$105. Wither's Psalms of David, \$25. A respectable number of missals realized on the average about \$75 each; one, however, described in the catalogue as Missal Splendidissima, brought \$400.

What say you, book-collectors of America, to prices like these? Are they not absurd in the extreme, and do they not make you ashamed of the "prentice han's" who are crowding themselves into your honored guild—almost ashamed, indeed, of the guild itself? If they don't, they ought to. There is, however, one consolation in the matter, so far as you are concerned, and that is that none of you were accessory to this folly before or after the fact. The true book-collectors of New York—its genuine, honest bibliophiles (we use the French phrase for want of a better)—were not buyers at this sale. Some attended out of curiosity, others, perhaps, to bid on a solitary volume, but buy they did not and would not. No one who knew anything of books did or would, unless, as sometimes happened, a good book sold below its value.

Several reflections suggested themselves to us in this connection, but we shall not make them, for it is doubtful if anything that we could write would benefit the buyers at this sale. They know

their business, or think they do, and certainly they have a right to spend their money as they please. If they wish to pay five or ten times the marketable value of books, we yield them the privilege, claiming, however, for ourselves the right to laugh at them for their folly, and to hold them in wholesome contempt. A moral, or rather two morals, and we have done with the Allan collection. The first is, that there is something worse than book-madness, and that is book-idioy. The second, that it is much better, just at present, to sell books—than to buy them!

"When Music, heavenly mad, was young,"

in other words, in the infancy of the divine art, the poet was a much greater, and, in the opinion of his contemporaries, a much wiser person than at present. He taught the people among whom he sang their earliest lessons in morals and manners, standing like a seer and prophet between them and their gods. He taught them when to plow and sow their seed, when to shear their sheep, when to cut their grain; in fact, he was their living almanac, a vocal and tuneful calendar. He was the earliest law-giver, and, on the sly, the earliest law-breaker, seldom or never living up to his precepts. What the priest, the statesman, the man of science, the editor is, the poet was in the beginning. It was a long time ago, however, as far back as the days of Hesiod and his forgotten followers, and since then the poet has deteriorated. *Nous avons change tout cela.* He is no longer the man that he was. We do not look to him now for instruction, but for amusement; for lyrics concerning his or our feelings and experiences; for stories and legends characteristic of bygone times, and other modes of life than our own; for dramas,

("Sometimes, too, let Tragedy
With sceptered pall go sweeping by,")

which shall deal with individual passion, yet be true in the main to what we know of life. We have disallowed his primitive pretension, and made him a man like ourselves. He will not be put down, however, for every now and then, generally when we least expect it, when he seems most in subjection to our whims and caprices, he stands up, and claims his ancient prerogative as the teacher of mankind. An instance of this comes to us in the shape of the following circular, which has been sent us by its writer, the author of the great work therein advertised, a Mr. William Adolphus Clarke, we presume of Boston:

"SUBSCRIPTION BOOK

TO THE LEARNED WORLD.

The Design of this Work is,
TO POPULARIZE THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF THE SCIENCES
IN PENTAMETER:
In this Wise—

First,—The Dedication;
Second,—Introduction, in which the reader is personified as *Sir Truth*, and is then conducted through the Sciences, arranged after the manner of *Comte*; beginning with
Theology, a *Skeptic*; and after being instructed in the various Tenets, by the *Divines*, resolves on Suicide;
And is about to take the desperate step, when he is admonished by his Guardian Spirit and converted to Christianity.
The whole of the Verse on *Theology* is in the form of *Dialogue*. From *Theology*, the reader, personified as *Sir Truth*, passes on to *Mathematics*, and is instructed in like manner in the General Principles of this Science, by one of its Professors. There is a complimentary notice of Profs. Pierce and Bond, of Cambridge, and the lamented Bowditch.
Then follows a brief introduction to *Physics*, and then the Science of *Astronomy*! through which *Sir Truth* passes in like manner on to *Geography*, *Zoology* (in which there is a notice of *Agassiz*), and *Geology*.
These Sciences embrace under their several heads (each Science being complete in itself!)
Over 4,000 Verses; making with notes, one volume 12mo, 270 Pages.

It is to be printed on tinted paper and handsomely bound, and if the *Author* is encouraged by the sale of this volume, It is his intention to go through with *all the Sciences* in about 20,000 Verses!

Presenting a complete Panoramic view of the
General Principles of Knowledge,
Reconciling these Principles with the Teachings of *Christ*.
The Subscription Book may be found at
W. H. Piper & Co.'s Bookstore, 133 Washington street."

An autograph letter of Washington, of about a page and a half in length, brought \$2,050 at auction in this city on Monday night. In ordinary times fifty dollars would have been a good price for it. The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf, of Providence, R. I., was recently celebrated with appropriate festivities, on which occasion Rev. Dr. Hall, pastor of the First Congregational church of that city, recited the following lines, which we deem worthy of a place in these columns:

Alas! we're told
There is no gold.
The golden age is gone!
Dollars are fled,
Eagles are dead,
The golden age is gone.

No, no! behold
The links of gold
That bind two hearts in one:
Tears speed their flight,
More pure, more bright;
That gold reflects the sun.

Though like these flowers,
Youth's rosy hours,
Bloom but a transient day,
Love's lasting youth,
All peace and truth,
Age cannot take away.

Tried and endeared,
Loved and revered,
Welcome us here once more;
Then hand in hand,
Smile where you stand,
Close by the Golden Door!

FOREIGN.

MR. WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, the best of all the Irish poets of the time, and one of the sweetest of the younger English singers, has just published a long poem on a subject with which he is conversant—the life of the Irish people. It is entitled "Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland," and is thus spoken of by one of Mr. Allingham's critics: "With affectionate yet unfeeling fidelity,

the poem gives us a little plot of Ireland as it is; which plot, we doubt not, very faithfully mirrors a much larger world. It is Ireland in miniature. It is vital with the national character. It has the color of the country. The land of many sorrows and wrongs, chiefly self-inflicted, which is loved so dearly by the people who will put their hands in their own pockets and look and expect the Deliverer to come from somewhere over the sea, and leave it with all their feelings clinging to that bit of earth in which they for ever fail to take root—the people who, while starving, can sing of Ireland as the land of plenty and hospitable cheer, and while floundering, half swamped in bogs, can be content with a country in Cloud-land, and have poetry enough in their nature to enjoy the stars through the rents of a wretched roof. Mr. Allingham portrays the place and people fairly; states his case justly. He knows his countrymen, from peer to peasant."

The sketches of local persons, says the same critic, amongst whom the lot of the hero is cast, seem to us very real and tangible. Sometimes the lines bite into the mind with their epigrammatic point as diamonds bite into glass. We take a few brief specimens of felicitous description almost at random:

The Curate.

How does a man with seventy pounds a year
In virgin linen every day appear?
Spotless his shirts are, spotless, too, his life;
Stiff in cravat and dialectal strife,
He shuns the popish priests, and fogs the pope,
Nor may the Methodist for mercy hope;
Much milk of human kindness, too, he carries,
A little soured with dogma, thro' the parish,
And plays a half-divine, half-human part,
With many a pious flirting female heart.

Parson Boyd's Four Daughters and Wife.

The first is clever—writeth books, be sure;
The second Sunday-schools the drowsy poor
By rote, on unintelligible things;
Another of the damsel plays and sings;
The fourth professes, merely flaxen curls.
What is their mother?—slave to these four girls!

Isaac Brown the Methodist.

And hear him pray, with fiercely close-shut eyes!
Gentle at first the measured accents rise,
But soon he waxes loud, and storms the skies,
Deep is the chest, and powerful bass the voice,
The language of a true celestial choice;
Hand-organ-wise the holy phrases ground,
Go turning and returning round and round;
The sing-song duly runs from low to high;
The chorused groans at intervals reply;
Till after forty minutes' sweat and din,
Leaving perhaps too little prayer within,
Dear brother Brown, athletic babe of grace,
Resumes his bench, and wipes his reeking face.
And if among the audience may be found
One who received two shillings in the pound
When merchant Isaac, twenty years ago—
Then talking pious too, but meek and low—
Was chastened by the Lord—with what delight
Must he behold the comfortable plight,
And sacred influence of this worthy man.

Better still, because more characteristic of the country, is the following description of a distraintment for rent:

The Eviction.

In early morning twilight, raw and chill,
Damp vapors brooding on the barren hill,
Through miles of mire in steady grave array
Threescore well-armed police pursue their way;
Each tall and bearded man a rifle swings,
And under each greatcoat a bayonet clings;
The Sheriff on his sturdy cob astride
Talks with the Chief, who marches by their side,
And, creeping on behind them, Paudeen Dhu
Pretends his needful duty must be done.
Six big-boned laborers, clad in common frieze,
Walk in the midst, the Sheriff's staunch allies;
Six crow-bar-men, from distant county brought—
Orange, and glorying in their work, 'tis thought,
But wrongly—churls of Catholics are they,
And merely hired at half-a-crown a day.
The Hamlet clustering on its hill is seen,
A score of petty homesteads, dark and mean;
Poor always, not despairing until now;
Long used, as well as poverty knows how,
With life's oppressive trifles to contend,
This day will bring its history to an end.
Moveless and grim against the cottage walls
Lean a few silent men: but some one calls
Far off; and then a child "without a stitch"
Runs out of doors, flies back with piercing screech,
And soon from house to house is heard the cry
Of female sorrow, swelling loud and high,
Which makes the men blaspheme between their teeth.
Meanwhile, o'er fence and watery field beneath,
The little army moves through drizzling rain;
A "Crowbar" leads the Sheriff's nag; the lane
Is entered, and their plashing tramp draws near;
One instant, outcry hurls its breath to hear:
"Halt!"—at the doors they form in double line,
And ranks of polish'd rifles wetly shine.
The Sheriff's painful duty must be done;
He begs for quiet, and the work's begun.
The strong stand ready; now appear the rest,
Girl, matron, grandsire, baby on the breast,
And Rosy's thin face on a pallet borne;
A motley concourse, feeble and forlorn.
One old man, tears upon his wrinkled cheek,
Stands trembling on a threshold, tries to speak,
But, in defect of any word for this,
Mutely upon the doorstep prints a kiss,
Then passes out for ever. Through the crowd
The children run bewildered, wailing loud;
Where needed most, the men combine their aid;
And, last of all, is Oona forth conveyed,
Reclined in her accustomed strawen chair,
Her aged eyelids closed, her thick white hair
Escaping from her cap; she feels the chill,
Looks round and murmurs, then again is still.

Now bring the remnants of each household fire;
On the wet ground the hissing coals expire;
And Paudeen Dhu, with meekly dismal face,
Receives the full possession of the place.

Whereon the Sheriff, "We have legal hold.
Return to shelter with the sick and old.
Time shall be given; and there are carts below
If any to the workhouse choose to go."

A young man makes him answer, grave and clear,
"We're thankful to you! but there's no one here
Going back into them houses: do your part,
Nor we won't trouble Pigo's horse and cart."
At which name, rushing into the open space,
A woman flings her hood from off her face,
Falls on her knees upon the miry ground,
Lifts hands and eyes, and voice of thrilling sound—
"Vengeance of God Almighty fall on you,
James Pigo!—may the poor man's curse pursue,
The widow's and the orphan's curse, I pray,
Hang heavy round you at your dying day!"
Breathless and fix'd one moment stands the crowd
To hear this malediction fierce and loud.

Meanwhile (our neighbor Neal is busy there)
On steady poles he lifted Oona's chair,
Well-heaped with borrow'd mantles; gently bear
The sick girl in her litter, bed and all;
Whilst others hug the children weak and small
In careful arms, or hoist them pick-a-back;
And, 'midst the unrelenting clink and thwack
Of iron bar on stone, let creep away
The sad procession from that hillside gray.

Through the slow-falling rain. In three hours more
You find, where Ballytullagh stood before,
Mere shatter'd walls, and doors with useless latch,
And firesides buried under fallen thatch.

Enough, however, for to-day of the new poem, of which we hope to see a reprint by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who have already included the earlier poems of Mr. Allingham in their favorite "blue-and-gold" series of popular poets.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in his entertaining "Life of Sterne," gives a curious account of the blunders in spelling and French committed and persisted in by that whimsical and ill-educated humorist. Bad spelling was rather common in England a century ago, but that of Sterne is the worst that we have ever seen—for an author's. To Mr. Fitzgerald, however:

"In the 'Sentimental Journey,' at least, the printers carefully repaired his spelling mistakes; but for his French they could do nothing. 'Tristram Shandy,' however, is thickly sown with all sorts of errors—wrongly spelt words, like 'assimulated,' or 'course' for 'curse,' 'akes' for 'aches,' 'statute' for 'statue,' and many more, with strange ungrammatical sentences—with passages that begin with a small letter where they should have a capital—not one of which Mr. Dodsley's or Mr. Becket's 'correctors' cared to set right. But his spelling in the MS. 'Sentimental Journey' (even as amended by the printers) does not do credit to the Halifax school-masters. He spells 'magazine' 'magazeen,' 'buyer' 'byer,' 'metals' 'mettees,' 'meager' 'meager,' 'vineyard' 'vinierd,' 'chevalier' 'chevilier,' 'ass' 'asse,' 'good wine' 'goad wine,' 'sought' 'saught,' 'forty' 'fourty,' with many more. His French, however, on which he prided himself, was very weak indeed, both in spelling and grammar. He had a happy instinct for the idioms, which he generally succeeded in grasping, though not in the correct shape. His letters must have amused his French friends. He starts with the famous little carriage that only held one passenger, and which he makes masculine instead of feminine—a *désobligeant* instead of a *désoblégante*. The little French captain addresses the French lady in this odd language—'Apparement vous etez Flammande?' leaving out the 'que.' He also questions her as to where she came from, 'Vous n'etez pas de Londres?' But perhaps the most curious mistake of the whole series occurs at the inn in Montreuil (which Mr. Sterne spells in many awkward ways, shifting from Montreuil to Montruil), where the landlord, speaking of Janatone, tells how 'un mylord anglais presentait un ecu a la fille de chambre,' where he uses *présenter* in the unusual sense of 'donner' or 'offrir'; uses the imperfect instead of the aorist; and, finally, makes Janatone a *fille de chambre*, instead of a *fille d'auberge*, or la *fille* simply. The strange use of *présenter* mystified the French translators wonderfully; and the oddest part of the whole is that in his MS. he had 'donnoit,' but struck it out. La Fleur, the famous servant, was gifted with a certain captivating 'prevenancy'; for there was a passport in his very looks which drew every one to him. These are merely specimens; but it is not too much to say that every bit of French imported into the 'Sentimental Journey' is faulty in some degree. When the lady is shut up in the carriage with Mr. Sterne, she exclaims, 'Voici quel est plaisant'—as a French lady might say—but 'C'est bien comique,' which is true English French. More droll still is his calling the landlord of his hotel the 'maître d'hôtel.'"

Mr. Edwin Burton Penny has translated and edited a volume of selections from the correspondence between Louis Claude de St. Martin, who enjoyed a certain reputation in his own time as "Le Philosophe Inconnu," and Kirchberger, Baron de Leibestorf, during the years 1792-93. His volume is entitled "Mystical Philosophy and Spirit Manifestations," and, as its title indicates, belongs to the constantly increasing class of books denominated Spiritual. Among other curious things contained therein is an account of a singular mystic of the seventeenth century, named John George Gichtel, who was born at Ratibon, in 1638, and after enduring persecutions from the priests there and elsewhere, finally settled at Amsterdam, where he gave himself up to the study of Böhmé's writings.

"He valued them," says M. St. Martin, "as much as the Old and New Testament, and thanked Providence from the bottom of his soul for having placed these writings in his hands; he never tired of reading, above all, the forty-seventh of our friend's letters. Gichtel called prayer the spiritual meat, and reading the drink of the soul. The nights seemed too long for him, so that he gave very few hours to sleep. He lived nearly always retired, but rarely in solitude; he was acquainted with an estimable family, who, poor as he was, proposed to him a very rich match; but our champion refused; the parents nevertheless continued to esteem him and load him with favors. His residence at Amsterdam was replete with a crowd of events in the sublime theosophic order, which I had rather tell you by word of mouth than by letter. He formed acquaintance with a widow, a worthy woman, though enormously rich. After she had come to know him well, she frankly expressed to him her desire to be united to him indissolubly. He esteemed her, and felt even a sort of inclination toward her; but he gave no answer; he withdrew, and remained at home without going out for four weeks, laying the matter before God. One day, as he was walking in his room, he saw, at noon, a hand come down from heaven which joined his hand with that of the widow. He heard, at the same time, a strong clear voice, which said, 'You must have her.' Any one else, in his place, would have taken this manifestation as a divine direction, but he soon saw it was only the widow's spirit, which, in the fervency of her prayers, had penetrated the outward heaven and reached the astral spirit. From that moment he gave himself altogether to Sophia, who would have no divided heart; he saw that he was called to the priesthood of the highest order. Without any seeking of his own, he received letters from several lords of Germany, even sovereigns consulting him; women of all classes sought his acquaintance and his hand: it is remarkable that the prayers he offered for them only added oil to their fires, till Sophia advised him to leave off praying for them. When Louis XIV. came to the gates of Amsterdam, in 1672, our general made use of his own arms, and drove the foreign troops away. He found, afterward, in the public papers, by name, the very regiments and squadrons which he had seen, face to face, when he pursued them out of the territory of the republic. Sophia, his dear divine Sophia, whom he loved so well, and had never seen, came on Christmas-day, 1673, and made him her first visit; he, in the third principle, saw this shining heavenly virgin. On this occasion she accepted him for her husband, and the marriage was consummated in ineffable delight. She, in distinct words, promised him conjugal fidelity; that she would never leave him, neither

in his crosses, nor in his poverty, nor in sickness, nor in death, but that she would always dwell with him in the luminous ground within. She assured him she would abundantly recompense him the sacrifices he had made in having given up for her an alliance with any of the rich women who had wanted to have him. She gave him to hope for a spiritual progenitor; and, for dower, she brought essential, substantial, faith, hope, and charity into his heart. The wedding festivities lasted to the beginning of 1674. He then took a more commodious lodging, a good-sized house at Amsterdam, though he had not a farthing capital of his own, nor undertook anything to make money, nor ever asked a groat from anybody, either for himself or others; yet, as several of his friends went to visit him, he had to entertain them. Sophia had also a central language, without words, without vibration of air, which was like no human language; nevertheless, he understood it as well as his mother tongue; this is what assured him that he was seduced by no external astral, and he trusted it with all his heart."

The minor poetasters of England have begun to publish their contributions toward the Tercentenary Celebration. Here is the opening stanza of "Poems in Memoriam," written by a Mr. John Alfred Langford, and published at Stratford.

"Again the course of time brings round
This ever glorious day;
And every heart on English ground
Beats high with pride and joy profound,
Remembering him whose mighty name
Is honor, splendor, wealth, and fame,
That ne'er will pass away."

A Mr. John Yarrow, Professor of Elocution, publishes, in London, "Shakespeare: a Tercentenary Poem," in Spenserian stanza. It begins thus:

"Monarch Eternal of all-chainless mind!
A dim eclipse thy mighty genius throws
O'er genius mighty, great and most refin'd,
Save in the blazing light that from These flows,
Still dazzling with its radiance as it glows.
Thy potent spell encircles land and sea,
And wondrous forms in thy vast mind repose,
Which with thy sovereign will's felicity
Thou 'turn'st to shapes'—Great Shakespeare, who is like to Thee?"

Last comes a Mr. J. A. Allen, with "Lambda-uu: Tercentenary Poem on Shakespeare." Here is a passage in reference to the poet's christening:

"But oh, how little thought the man-of-God,
Who held the big-browed man-child in his arms,
And rained upon him thrice the heavenly dew,
And 'Guileless Shakespeare' wrote within
The register on that soft April day,
That there was one whose name would haunt the world,
And make that book a wonder: and that town,
The Meen and Medina of the mind,
To which long trains of eager worshippers,
Pilgrims of every caste and creed and clime,
Would, through the centuries, increasing throng."

And here is another, descriptive of the sort of stuff which Mr. Allen supposes Shakespeare to have babbled after his return to Stratford, a rich and prosperous man, full of reminiscences of his London theatrical life.

"And then he gave them anecdotes or views
Of Tarlton, Alleyn, Saville, Davies, Field,
And Webster, Munday, Camden, Chapman, Day,
Of Spenser, Dekker, Wilson, Herrick, Nash,
And Conell, Dyer, Fletcher, Heminge, Peal,
Of Churchyard, Chettle, Drayton, Lilly, Lodge,
And Massinger and Middleton, and Rowe,
And stormy Jonson, Beaumont, Marlow, Donne . . .
Of Heywood—scholar, poet, gentleman? . . .
Of gentle Armin, gleeful as the lark?
And merry, dancing, comely, gifted Kemp? . . .
And small Dick Burbage, in himself a host? . . .
And many others; and 'poor Robin Greene,
'Robin once pet of house and court and town?"

Our own Ball-Wheatley ode, little as we thought of it when it was delivered, is sublime poetry in comparison with all this.

Those who are familiar with the life of Goethe will remember the interest he took toward the close of it in the ballads and songs of Serbia, which were then, for the first time, becoming known to Europe. He himself put into verse the first one which appeared in Germany, but the translations made by Talvj (afterward the wife of the late Professor Robinson, of New York) constituted, we believe, the first published collection in that country. The learned Servian scholar, to whom we owe the original collection, from which so many translations have been made in all the languages of Europe, Vuk Stefanovitch Karadzschitch—worthy to be ranked with Bopp and the Grimms—died recently at Vienna. A man of great acquirements, as well as of great native ability, it is surprising that his name is not to be found in the voluminous encyclopedias of Germany. He was born in 1787, on the borders of Serbia and Bosnia, the son of a Christian peasant. He showed early considerable talent, but under the grinding oppression of the Turks the only opening for a rajah of ability was in the church, and to that he was destined. The necessary means failing, however, he was compelled to return to the life of a shepherd. It was while tending his sheep that he first began to occupy himself with the songs and ballads and legends of the peasants, which he had taken down from their lips, using for a pen a quill plucked from a turkey's wing and for ink a mixture of gunpowder and lamp-black. But he found the way at last to emerge from his obscurity. He rose by degrees into government employment, and in 1820 took part in the establishment of schools in Serbia, under Prince Milosch Obrenowitch, beginning by instructing the prince himself how to read and write. But finally, driven away by his enemies, he went back to Germany, where he passed the greater part of his life, and published many historical, statistical, and ethnographical writings, among other things a grammar of the Servian language. To the invitation of the Vladika of Montenegro to assist him in establishing a system of instruction, we owe his work on that country—still the most valuable that has appeared. In 1847 he completed his translation of the New Testament into the Servian language, which he had begun many years before at the suggestion of the English Bible Society. It did for Serbia what Luther's translation of the Bible did for Germany—it gave a permanent form to the written language and prepared the way for the intellectual and moral culture of his nation.

The first volume of the great work entitled Codex Saxonica Diplomatica, edited by the Librarian Gersdorf at Leipzig, containing documents illustrative of the early history of Saxony, has been printed.

The celebrated Hungarian naturalist, Dr. Andreas Zipfer, died

recently at the age of eighty-one. He was the author of several valuable works on mineralogy, and a member of more than eighty scientific societies. He is reported to have left an exceedingly valuable cabinet of minerals.

Herr Venedey has followed up his life of Washington by one of Franklin, in which he gives an excellent sketch of the character and labors of our greatest American philosopher. "Washington and Franklin," he says, "were men of wholly different character. The one was a type of the magnanimity of the knight, the other of the prudence of the citizen. From the first day of his life to the last, Washington was virtue itself in action. Franklin's life, on the other hand, shows the way by which virtue may be attained, and is therefore of infinite use as an example."

A new life has appeared of that dissolute soldier and celebrated marshal of France, Moritz Graf von Sachsen. "Nach archivalischen Quellen von Dr. Karl von Weber, 1864."

A. Porchat, the translator of Goethe's collected works into French, is dead. His age was sixty-four. He was originally of the Canton Waadt in Switzerland, but had long lived in France. He was the author, among other things, of "Trois Mois sous la Neige," etc., and had acquired a good name in French literature. He had devoted ten years to his translation of Goethe.

The precarious health of the pope makes the constitution of the College of Cardinals a matter of considerable importance. We gather the following interesting facts from the *Annuario Pontificio* for 1864, which has recently appeared. The college contains sixty-four members, nine cardinal titles being vacant. Of the sixty-four, seventeen were created by Pope Gregory XVI., the remainder by the present pope, the last cardinal of the time of Leo XII., Benedetto Barberini, having died last year. The oldest cardinal in point of age is Antonio Tosti, formerly Minister of Finance, who is eighty-eight, having been cardinal twenty-six years. The oldest cardinal as such is the dean of the Sacred College, Mario Mattei, who has been a cardinal for thirty-two years, and is seventy-two years of age. Of the whole number four are over eighty, twelve over seventy, and only two under fifty. Eight of them are French (the Archbishops of Lyons, Besançon, Rheims, etc.), six are German and Hungarian (the Archbishops of Prague, Cologne, Vienna, etc.), four are Spanish, one is a Portuguese, one an Englishman (the Archbishop of Westminster), and one a Belgian. Thus twenty-one are non-Italians, leaving forty-three for Italy, most of the latter being from Middle and Southern Italy. Since the election of Pius IX.—that is, since 1846—sixty-five cardinals have deceased, two of whom were of the time of Pius VII., seven of Leo XIII., thirty-four of Gregory XVI., and the rest, twenty-one, were created by the present pope. The oldest of these cardinals was the Archbishop of Bologna, who received the purple at the hands of Pius VII. in 1804. He died in 1853, in the eighty-seventh year of his age and in the fifty-second of his cardinalate. Of the present sixty-four cardinals, thirty-eight are archbishops and bishops. In the States of the Church eleven archbishops and bishops carry with them the dignity of cardinal. The cardinals who are not bishops—among them the ten deacons to whom the Cardinal Secretary of State Antonelli belongs—reside in Rome. Four belong to ecclesiastical orders. Of the princely families of Rome, only one—that of Altieri—has a representative in the Sacred College. Cardinal Patrizi belongs to the higher Roman nobility, and Cardinal di Pietro to the nobility of the second rank. But it is a significant fact that the rest of the cardinals who were born in the States of the Church spring either from the provincial nobility or the peasant class. Eight of the cardinals have been taken from the nuncios, about as many were jurists, the rest theologians and officials.

Adolf Douac, the Principal, we believe, of the Hoboken Academy, has just brought out in Berlin a work on America, entitled "The Land and People of the Union," which is well spoken of by the German press. It is divided into seven chapters—the first three treating of the soil and the climate in connection with the history and character of the people, showing that the present condition of the nation is the result of political and climatic influences; while the remainder are devoted to the consideration in detail of the soil of the New England and Middle and Southern States, and the characteristics of the inhabitants of each section of the country. The soil and climate, he thinks, have exerted for the most part a hostile influence upon the culture of the people; in the Southern States the population seems even to have retrograded into the condition of the aboriginal races, while in New England the intellectual activity of the people has been thwarted in a good degree by that tendency to superficiality which is induced by the climate. In the constant prosperity of the people, also, unaccompanied by corresponding virtue or labor, in the ceaseless immigration which has more and more disaccustomed the inhabitants to toil, and in the demoralization caused by slavery, he finds the explanation in great part of the present condition of the country. In the last chapter, which is devoted to the "Colonies of Germany and the Future of America," German colonization, he says, is not like the Roman, but rather resembles the Greek. Germans do not occupy new countries and frame new governments. They are rather everywhere a force, an element, in the civilization of the world, carrying with them wherever they go German industry and skill and science. The annual emigration from Germany to the United States amounts now to thirty or forty thousand, more than one-half of the whole emigration of Germany. Sonora and California, he thinks, present the greatest inducements to German emigrants.

The first volume of a new life of Jean Jacques Rousseau, by F. Brouckhoff, has recently appeared in Germany. It carries the biography, however, only as far as Rousseau's residence at Montmorency, thus leaving the most important period of his life to be treated in the two additional volumes which are promised. The author does not write an apotheosis. His object is to present Rousseau's life in its early errors as well as in its later achievements, as the development of a singular and aspiring nature. Bacon is still the greatest philosopher, in spite of the vulgar corruptions to which he yielded; Voltaire is still the great thinker, in spite of his love of money, which led him sometimes, as Carlyle has shown in

so masterly a way in the last volume of his "Life of Frederick the Great," even to perjury and forgery; so Rousseau, though he did send his own children to a foundling hospital, will remain one of the most original of modern political reformers. Brouckhoff's life of him is at once historical and psychological, showing how out of what one may call the negative Rousseau, wayward and dissolute, grew the positive Rousseau, led by experience to a certain puritanical clearness and obstinacy of thought, to the contemplation of an ideal world from which the existing abuses of human society should be forever banished.

Scholars will be glad to learn that the Göttingen *Gelehrte Anzeigen*, which has been known for more than a century as one of the best critical journals of the world, has at last, under the editorship of Professor Sauppe, shaken off its dingy and old-fashioned dress, and may now vie with the best-printed journals of Germany. It is no longer published by the Göttingen Academy of Sciences, but by the Dieterich'sche Buchhandlung in Göttingen.

English history is affording subjects for the novelists of Germany. "Der arme Tom: Historischer Roman aus der Zeit Karls II. von England, von M. Harrer. Zwei Bände, Berlin, 1864," is the title of a new novel, chiefly biographical, in which the wild career of Thomas Otway, author of the "Orphan" and "Venice Preserved," is represented. Dryden and Aphra Behn are also introduced.

PERSONAL.

Mr. H. W. Longfellow will have a poem in the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Mr. Robert Browning will also have two new poems in the same number, entitled "Prospice" and "Under the Cliff." We trust they will be less enigmatical than his contribution to the May number, "Gold Hair."

M. Alexandre Dumas, the younger, is said to have failed in his last comedy, "L'Ami des Femmes," which is as heartless as it is clever.

A good but rather impertinent story is told of the elder Dumas, in connection with the musical Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, who sent his secretary to the veteran man-of-all-work, to obtain from him the libretto from a grand opera which the duke proposed to compose. "The author replied," says the Paris correspondent of the *Publisher's Circular*, "that he would cheerfully furnish the 'book' upon condition that a reasonable sum of money should be paid him in advance. The private secretary was embarrassed by this answer, which was of a nature princes are not accustomed to receive, and he said to M. Dumas: 'Surely you do not doubt the duke's ability to guarantee you payment of all the money the opera may produce.' 'No. That is not the question. The duke's former operas have never been successful; and if the same man is going to write the score for my book, the opera will never produce any money at all.'"

M. Sardou has written a new drama, founded on the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes. It is to be brought out at the Gymnase, with new scenery from designs by M. Gustave Doré.

Madame George Sand lately achieved a very marked success on the stage, by her dramatization of her novel, "Le Marquis de Villeneuve."

M. Paul Lacroix (Bibliophile Jacob) announces that he has in manuscript the memoirs of his life during the last forty years, which will be published ten years after his death.

M. Saint Beuve has also kept a diary for the same period, which of course is to be published.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. G. P. Putnam announces a new work by Mr. M. Mackie, entitled "From Cape Cod to Dixie and the Tropics," and a third series of Mr. Frank Moore's war lyrics, "Songs of the Soldiers."

Mr. W. J. Widdleton has in the press a Riverside edition of "The Poetical Works of Lord Byron."

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields will soon publish "Spheres of Life and Duty," by the Rev. E. H. Chapin, and a second series of "Spare Hours," by Dr. John Brown.

Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co. have in preparation "Wax Flowers, and How to Make Them;" "Phantom Flowers and Skeletal Leaves;" and "The Poetry of the Age of Fable," by the author of "The Age of Fable."

Messrs. Lee & Shepard announce "Jennie Juniana: Talks on Woman's Topics," by Jonny June; "Sister Lucy," and "Captain Horace," by the author of "Little Purdy;" and "Watch and Wait, or the Young Fugitives," by Oliver Optic.

Mr. W. Veazie has in the press new and revised editions of Milman's "History of Christianity" and "History of the Jews."

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. will shortly publish a new work by Miss Augusta J. Evans, entitled "Macaria, or Altars of Sacrifice."

Mr. F. Leypoldt has nearly ready a translation from the French of Emile de la Bedollière, entitled "The History of Mother Michel and her Cat." He also announces the same work in French.

Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick is preparing an anecdotal memoir of the late Archbishop Whately.

Sir Lascelles Wrixall will shortly publish "The Life and Times of Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, from Family Documents and State Papers."

Miss Eliza Cook, after a long poetical silence, recently appeared with a Tercentenary ode, written for the "Workingmen's Shakespeare Celebration," and planting an Oak on Primrose Hill to the Poet's Memory."

Mr. Charles Edward Turner, Professor in the Imperial Lyceum, St. Petersburg, has lately published the first volume of a large work entitled "Our Great Writers; a Course of Lectures on English Literature." Seven of the lectures are devoted to Shakespeare.

Mr. S. W. Fulford's "History of Shakespeare" has just reached a second edition.

The Rev. Alfred Pownall is the author of a new addition to the Shakespeare literature of the day, entitled "Shakespeare Weighed in an Even Balance."

Mr. Sydney Beisley will soon publish "Shakespeare's Garden; or, The Plants and Flowers named in Shakespeare's Works defined and described. With Notes and Illustrations from the works of other writers."

The name of Miss Braddon's new "sensation" novel is "Henry Dunbar: the Story of an Outcast." It will be published simultaneously in English, French, and German.

Mr. John McDouall Stuart will shortly publish "Journals of Explorations in Australia."

Prince Pierre Dolgoroukow has in the press "La France sous le Régime Bonapartiste."

Mr. Herbert Spencer has recently published a work on the "Classification of the Sciences, with Reasons for Dissenting from the Philosophy of M. Comte."

Mr. Francis Duncan publishes a volume of sketches on British North America, under the title of "Our Garrisons in the West."

Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams has lately published a series of sketches of Magic and Magicians, entitled "The Dwellers on the Threshold."

Mr. A. Hayward, the editor of Mrs. Thrale's autobiography, and the prose translator of "Faust," announces "Diaries of a Lady of Quality," some notice of which may be found in the opening article of the forthcoming *Edinburgh Review*.

Mr. J. M. Darton is about to publish a volume entitled "Famous Girls who have become Illustrious Women."

The name of M. Edmond About's new work is "Le Progrès."

M. Berryer, the distinguished advocate, has contributed an eloquent preface to "The Works of Louis XVI," which have just been published in two volumes.

Mr. Samuel Phillips Day, the author of "Down South," and the Canada correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, has in the press a volume entitled "English America, or Pictures of Canadian Places and People."

M. Louis Veuillot is about to publish a reply to Renan's "Vie de Jésus." The name of his volume will be "Our Lord Jesus Christ." Prince Alfred de Broglie is said to be engaged on a similar work.

The Abbé Deléon, on whom the paragraphists fastened the authorship of "Le Maudit," denies having written that clever anti-Catholic novel.

The astronomical writings of King Alphonso X., of Castile, are in course of publication. They will be complete in five volumes, of which the first two have already appeared. King Alphonso, the reader may remember, was the royal gentleman who said if he had been called upon to give his advice when the universe was about to be created, he flattered himself that he could have suggested several improvements to the original plan!

M. Alexander de St. Albin has in the press a "Life of the late Duchess de Parma."

The latest publications and announcements of the French press embrace the following works: "Les Bonhommes de Cire," par l'Auteur des "Salons de Vienne et de Berlin;" "Souvenirs de Nice," by Boudeville; Taine, "L'Idéalisme Anglais: Etude sur Carlyle;" Wallon, "Richard II., Episode de la Rivalité de la France et de l'Angleterre;" Jobez, "La France sous Louis XV. (1715-1774)," tom. 1.—"La Régence;" Jacob de la Cottière, "Les Allemands chez eux;" Duveyrier, "Exploration du Sahara: Les Touaregs du Nord;" Méry, "Tribulations d'un joyeux Monarque;" Méry, "Les Mystères d'un Château;" Saint-Felix, "Les Fruits de Rome;" Duc de Valmy, "Le Passé et l'Avenir de l'Architecture;" "Les Sociétés de Strasbourg pendant les Années 1790 à 1795: Extraits de leurs Procès-Verbaux, publiés par F. C. Heitz;" Pressensé, "L'Eglise et la Révolution Française: Histoire des Relations de l'Eglise et de l'Etat de 1789 à 1802;" Girardin, "L'Apaisement de la Pologne (La Pologne et la Diplomatie);" Eichthal, "De la Monnaie de Papier et des Banques d'Emission;" Ladinier et Moreau, "Histoire Militaire de la Révolution Française du Consulat et de l'Empire" (Cartes et Gravures); Zurcher et Margollet, "Les Tempêtes;" "Raphaël et l'Antiquité," by M. A. Gruyer; "Histoire de Charles VII. et de son Epoque, 1403-1461," by M. Vallet (third tom.); Delaborde, "Etudes sur les Beaux-Arts en France et en Italie;" Demail, "Souvenirs de Voyage d'un Collectionneur, ou Guide Artistique pour l'Allemagne;" About, "Le Progrès;" Carfort et Bazouge, "Biographie de Ernest Renan;" Caro, "L'Idée de Dieu et de ses nouveaux Critiques;" Bignon, "Souvenirs d'un Diplomate;" "La Pologne (1811-1813)," with an Introduction by Mignet; Janet, "Le Matérialisme Contemporain en Allemagne: Examen du Système du Docteur Buchner;" Favet, "Lettres à un Rationaliste sur la Philosophie et la Religion;" Duchinski, "Peuples Aryas et Tourans, Agriculteurs et Nomades: Nécessité des Reformes dans l'Exposition de l'Histoire des Peuples Aryas-Européens et Tourans, particulièrement des Slaves et des Moscovites;" Domenech, "Le Gorge du Diable, Voyage et Aventures en Irlande;" Laforet, "Souvenirs Marseillais: La Peste de 1720;" and Bréan, "J. C. César dans la Gaule."

Among the latest miscellaneous productions of German literature are these: Brunner, "Der Atheist Renan und sein Evangelium;" Haneberg, "E. Renan's Leben Jesu beleuchtet;" Berger, "Naturwissenschaft, Glaube und Schule;" "Alberti Magni Paradisus Animæ sive Libellus de Virtutibus, ed. J. M. Sailer;" "Sauppii Commentatio de Philodemi Libro quo fuit de Pietate;" Goettling, "Commentariolum quo resuscitatur Callimachi Epigramma diu sepitum;" Deissmann, "Die Waldenser der Gräfschaft Schaum-

burg," "Meteorologische Beobachtungen der K. K. Sternwarte in Wien von 1775-1885," herausgegeben von C. von Litzow und E. Weiss;" "Der Presbyter Johann in Sage und Geschichte: ein Beitrag zur Völker- und Kirchenhistorie des Mittelalters," by G. Oppert; the second part of Hauthal's edition of Aero's and Porphyron's "Commentaries on Horace;" "Fabeln von Krylow übersetzt von einem Deutschen;" "Käthen," a novel, by Gieseke; the second edition of Schenkel's "Charakterbild Jesu;" "Napoleon III. und Machiavelli: eine Beleuchtung der Napoleonischen Politik;" Neumann, "Oesterreich und der Zollverein in den letzten 25 Jahren;" "Mährens allgemeine Geschichte 1125-1173," third volume; Herbert, "Carlo Alberto und Louis Napoleon;" Forchhammer, "Aristoteles und die exoterischen Reden;" Conneer, "De Prologorum Euripideorum Causa ac Ratione;" "Das Ehrenwort, Novelle von Ernst Strande;" Alberti, "Die Frage über Geist und Ordnung der Platonischen Schriften beleuchtet aus Aristoteles;" Mommsen, "Heortologie, Antiquarische Untersuchungen über die städtischen Feste der Aetheuer;" "Die Augsbürgische Confession (Variata)," edited by F. Klemme.

Among recent Italian works we note the following:—Colombo, "Sulla Missione degli Industriali inviati in Inghilterra per voto di Consiglio Provinciale di Milano;" Gavazzi, "Osservazioni sull'incameramento dei beni ecclesiastici;" "L'Insurrezione Siciliana e la Spedizione dei Mille;" "Istruzione pratica nella coltivazione del Cotone adattata al clima della pianura dell'alta Italia;" "Delle intime relazioni in cui sono e con cui progrediscono la Filosofia, la Religione e la Libertà;" Centofanti, "Saggio sulla Vita e sulle Opere di Plutarco;" "Cinquantadue Mese d'Esilio delle Ducali Truppe, estensi 1859-1863;" Casoli, "Il Belgio e la Germania: impressioni e memorie;" Borgognini, "Del sesto Cerchio dell' Inferno Dantesco;" Torricelli, "La Poesia di Dante e il suo castello del Limbo: Commento, con annotazioni del Cav. F. Scialoja: si aggiunge qualche studio di Bibliografia Dantesca, per F. S. Fapanni;" "Sulla vita di Gesù di Ernesto Renan, alla cattolica popolazione di Padova, Alcuni studenti cattolici di questa Università;" Sobregondi, "Un prode di Roma, 1849-1862;" Salvatico, "Arte ed Artisti, studi e racconti;" Leni, "Le Colpe del Papato, cenni storici e politici;" Verona, "Le Donne illustre d'Italia."

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, May, 1864.

I HAVE already had occasion to write in these letters of the special attention that Little, Brown & Co. are giving to editions of standard British poets, and to a library of the old English prose writers. They have just added to the former collection the poems of Hood, Campbell, and Scott, in their medium shape of "green and gold." I wish now to say something of another project they have entered upon, which is a uniform series of such novels, tales, and romances as have already attained a world-wide repute. The character of the collection will be somewhat different from most, as it is decided by a wider test. We have had here and in England numerous conglomerations of such books, of all classes and merits from those of the Minerva Press to the last yellow paper series; from the railway list to the more pretentious standard libraries, like that of Bentley, emulous of the greater credit that forty and fifty years ago, respectively, Mrs. Barbauld and Scott gave to their collections.

The present series opens with the fresh issue of *Don Quixote*, in four very handsome crown 8vo volumes, to be followed at once by Smollett's version of *Gil Blas* in three volumes; and then will come an improved edition of Lane's translation of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment" in four volumes, and "The Tales of the Genii" in one volume. This selection will give an idea of the undertaking; and the Riverside imprint, with the proof in the volumes already out, assures us of everything desirable in the mechanical execution. In fact, the type is such that the old man who seeks to renew the avocation of his early story reading will not complain of a want of deference to failing sight.

The great work of Cervantes was fitly taken to begin with, for I suppose beyond question that, in addition to the credit of being the earliest exemplar of the modern novels, it is better known and more read of all nations than any of its successors. Prof. Ticknor says that the Don and his squire are bodied forth in the imaginations of more among all conditions of men than any other of the creations of human talent, and we may look for the reason of this, not only in its being, in Lockhart's phrase, the wittiest and most laughable of all books, but in the wide cognizance that mankind possesses of that universal madness, which butts the imagination against reality, and carries on an eternal warfare between enthusiasm and necessity. I think this may be the real condition of the matter, without going so far as the German school of critics have gone, upholding the notion that the author himself looked to this world-wide significance in his work. Hallam more sensibly than some other critics controverts this assumption; and it seems probable certainly that Cervantes had in his own mind no higher aim than to laugh into disrepute the absurd infatuation about the romances of chivalry which prevailed in his day, just as Molière attacked the follies of the Hotel Rambouillet. It is moreover a noteworthy coincidence that this Spanish novel, and the most popular of all English stories, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," were both written in a prison, both gained a more lasting popularity than their authors seemed to have aimed at, and both are read by the masses with a zest for the story, without a necessary recognition of the meaning that may lie underneath.

What Cervantes did for the imitations of *Amadis of Gaul* has strangely enough been counteracted within the memories of our generation by the only other modern who, as Lockhart seems to imply, can be considered his rival, Sir Walter Scott. The reaction from the novel of character and manners which Fielding had established began in 1764 in the "Castle of Otranto," and culminated in the days of Monk Lewis and the Minerva Press, and only

fell into discredit before the force of the Waverley series. And to continue the association, it is to the son-in-law of Scott that we owe the best edition in English of *Don Quixote*, which has been copied in the issue before us. As such, it was perhaps the publisher's duty to follow it unconcernedly; but it seems unfortunate that in the succinct account of Cervantes which precedes the text two palpable errors should be perpetuated, for Lope de Vega did not die before Cervantes as stated, but survived him many years, and the dates of Shakespeare's and Cervantes's death, though nominally the same, were yet in fact separated by the few days' difference of the Julian and Gregorian calendars.

Lockhart, as seems to be generally conceded, did best in choosing Motteux's version for his text. Without entering upon the question of the adequacy of translations in general, it needs to be said there is a wide-spread dissatisfaction with all versions of this particular book. Disraeli affirms that Cervantes is not Cervantes in English or French. Sismondi claims that no version can approach its inimitable beauties; and Prescott speaks of its antique coloring, skillfully imitated from the old romances, which necessarily escapes in the rendering; while Byron, it may be remembered, tells in *Don Juan* of reading

"Don Quixote in the original,
A pleasure before which all others vanish."

This is the usual staple of complaint, and perhaps is more valid than in the many other cases in which it is urged. One needs only to examine thoroughly, I think, some of the versions of Shakespeare into German, to feel convinced that a high degree of excellence can be attained in such a field, and Shakespeare is no easy subject. To read some pages of Schlegel and Tieck's version, with the Shakespeare open before us, is not only to reproduce the scenes, but even to give it a commentary with the reading. We might reverse this judgment in going over Pope's "Homer," and yet read the "Iliad" in the English garb with an interest independent of its parallel. Again, Smollett's style is widely different from Le Sage's, yet the continued popularity of his version of *Gil Blas* is a sufficient warrant for the present publishers' fixing upon his translation. So of Motteux's *Don Quixote*, it were perhaps difficult to find a modern substitute that would be as palatable, even if more accurate. There is a singular extraneous interest about it too. He was a Frenchman, who had settled in England, but, as Prescott says, the version does not betray its foreign parentage, while its quaint turns of expression and slight tinge of antiquity comport well with the tone of knightly dignity which distinguishes the hero. In summing up some of the strange bibliographical relations of the subject, Mr. Prescott farther says that "the first classical edition of *Don Quixote*, the first commentary, and probably the best foreign translation, were all produced in England; and farther, it is strange that the English commentator should have written in Spanish, and the English translation should have been by a Frenchman." The references the essayist makes in this citation are to Lord Carteret's and Bowle's editions of the Spanish texts. The first was published by Jonson, in 1738, the earliest attempt at collating the text that had been made, and to it was prefixed the first biography of any importance which had ever been written. Strangely enough it was coincident with the resuscitation of Shakespeare, who since his death, so near that of Cervantes, had suffered much the same tide of oblivion rolling upon his personal record, as in the case of his Spanish cotemporary, though he did not share with the Spaniard the true Homeric number of seven towns claiming his nativity. It was forty years and more after this before the Spaniards themselves had anything adequate to his fame in the shape of an edition. This was in 1780, and the next year came Bowle's edition, the commentator having spent fourteen years at his task, and produced a work as important for a foreigner as some of the commentaries upon Shakespeare which have reflected credit upon the Germans. It is noteworthy how much English literature on both sides of the Atlantic has done to illustrate the Spanish mind and deeds. The historians' names who have illuminated their annals are familiar to everybody, and the names of Prescott, Irving, and Motley attest our own share in it. It is creditable to us, too, that Mr. Ticknor has produced the best history of their literature, and that an American imprint stands upon the first edition of *Don Quixote* in the original, produced on a continent where the Spanish is the spoken language of one-half of it; I refer to Sales's edition issued here in 1836, and which is the text of Prescott's Review printed the next year just before the publication of his earliest history.

Hallam thinks that "Don Quixote" is the only book of the Spanish literature that enjoys much reputation throughout Europe. "It is to Europe in general," he adds, "what Ariosto is to Italy and Shakespeare to England—the one book to which the slightest allusions may be made without affectation, but not missed without discredit. Numerous translations and countless editions in every language bespeak its adaptation to mankind; no critic has been paradoxical enough to withhold his admiration, no reader has ventured to confess a want of relish for that in which the old and young in every climate have age after age taken delight." A bibliographical survey seems to confirm this statement; but Montesquieu's averring that the Spanish has produced only one good book, and that makes the rest ridiculous, is only fitting himself for the latter catalogue.

Its cotemporary fame was something remarkable for that day. There were four editions in one year, and thirty thousand copies had been circulated, when he made the addition of the second part ten years later, of which continuation I may say, by the way, that while Disraeli pronounces it inferior to the first portion, Ticknor and Prescott join in calling it superior, and Hallam, with characteristic caution, assents with some qualifications. Cervantes lived to see it make him rich in fame, if not in purse, with editions of it printed in Portugal, Flanders, and Italy, besides versions made in nearly every European tongue. Prescott shys there are ten different ones in English and eight in French, though I think he has put the former number too high by one or two. Shelton's, the earliest (1612-20), was made, it is thought, from the Italian, and was last printed in 1731. Motteux was perhaps the fourth in order, and until Lockhart revised it (1822), had long been superseded by Jarvis and Smollett, whose first issues appeared respectively in

1742 and 1755. Altogether, up to the present time, though I cannot find a precise statement, there must have appeared in England some thirty or forty editions; and they have been enhanced by the artistic delineations of Hogarth, Philips, Hayman, Vanderbank, Smirke, Westall, Stothard, Cruickshank, and Tory Johannot, while with us Johnston for one has given his pencil to the task.

The only rival to this popularity (and that not possessing the same success), among foreign books in the English, is doubtless *Gil Blas*, of which the bibliographers name four or five versions, all, however, giving place to Smollett's, which has been now something over a hundred years before the world. I should judge that Le Sage's romance has had from one-half to two-thirds of the number of editions in England that *Don Quixote* reached, which has, to be sure, been a century longer before their public. Johnson thought that nobody ever wished a book longer than it was, except it be *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, or the *Pilgrim's Progress*; and these last two are doubtless the only indigenous tales that will bear with it the comparison of universal approbation. It is not easy to decide which of the two English fictions should rank ahead for the number of readers, but the suffrage of critics is rather in favor of Bunyan, I suppose, who has indeed some thirty years the start of De Foe chronologically, for which some allowance is to be made in balancing the number of editions. As far, then, as relates to popularity wherever the English language is spoken, I presume these two native fictions will rank before the Spanish; but it is very certain that, take the nations through, *Don Quixote* will distance all others in popularity.

It may be farther remarked that, in Spain itself, the fame of Cervantes has been cherished in a manner parallel with the regard for Shakespeare in England. Not far from the time when the house of Stratford became the property of the nation, Don Sebastian, the uncle of the Queen of Spain, purchased the house in the village of Argamasilla de Alba, where Cervantes had been confined when he produced the first part of his romance, and ordered its careful preservation. While we are getting a new issue of the English dramatist, designated the "Stratford Edition," the famous publisher of the Castilian classics, Don Manuel Rivadeneyra, obtains permission to print off an elegant edition of *Don Quixote* in the very house where it had been composed.

Ticknor & Fields have nearly ready "Stumbling-Blocks," from the pen of Gail Hamilton. The book is a series of essays on matters of moral and religious significance (some of which have already appeared here in the organ of the Trinitarian Congregationalists), treated in much the same style that has characterized her papers in the *Atlantic*. In glancing over some of the pages, I have judged that she has not always paid that deference to the settled dogmas of her school in theology which might make her ideas wholly acceptable to the uncompromising sect. I will give the book a closer examination next week.

English opinions upon our affairs have fortunately lost that importance for us they once unreasonably had; but it might have been retained, had they emanated from that candor and liberality, which characterizes this pamphlet of Professor Goldwin Smith's, which I mentioned last week as soon to be issued by Ticknor & Fields. The *Times* has rarely had its iniquities set forth more trenchantly than here. He has written with a marked degree of fairness toward us, and it is all the more effectual because he does not attempt to conceal what our own candor must acknowledge to be our failures. He is, as a general thing, free from those misconceptions which almost always creep into the most accurate of the judgments pronounced upon us by foreigners, though there are one or two points upon which it does not appear that he is as well posted as the average native. They hardly detract, however, from the potency of his arguments against all such measures upon the part of the sympathizers with the South in England as might tend to an American war.

J. E. Tilton & Co. are making arrangements for the issue of a boy's monthly illustrated magazine, and they announce their purpose of excelling all previous ventures of the sort. W.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1864.

It is said that the old war between writers and publishers long ago was ended. Now the author furnishes brains, the publisher money; the bargain is for so much of one commodity against so much of another. No matter if the author has money or the publisher brains, the latter condition does not enter into the original contract at all. The contract, however, reads thus in the publisher's view: "My money brings this man before the public and opens the door for fame; I am his benefactor, he is my servant;" and he never looks at the opposite side that this author's fame is the source of his wealth. For instance, if a leading house offers John Foster Kirk \$10,000 for a historical work, it does a good thing, for it pays the money price of years of labor; but it does it with a purpose, sowing with a confidence of gathering again tenfold. A mere business transaction. Again, the same house, perhaps, sends a copy of "Charles the Bold" to a distinguished man or a leading newspaper, with a tacit request for a notice; and all the world knows, looking through the publisher's eyes, that there is but one kind of a notice in answer to such a gift. All with a purpose; an unselfish business transaction. Or perhaps the house is rich, it does not care to invest in the good opinions of literary men and editors, can afford to allow its books to lie on its shelves, and is able to pay its own interest. No one can complain; it is a business way. But how is it with sub-authors, newspaper correspondents that occupy a small corner, and in that small corner are to give all the items of the week? We humble souls bow before the power that holds the fate of geniuses in his hand, and say, "Please, sir, we have to tell the public what to read; they depend on us; but we are too poor to buy, and, besides, it isn't the fashion for us, and we can't beg, for ours is an independent criticism; please, sir, let us look at your last new work;" and we that live by picking crumbs that fall from publishers' tables may look at and perhaps may handle for five minutes the last edition of the "Federalist." But if we wish to examine it, to see how well John C.

Hamilton has executed his task, and whether he has justified expectation in his historical notice, we step out boldly to a man whose heart is in his hand, and whose hand is always open, and borrow from him for examination a copy of his neighboring publisher's last work.

And in the examination we find much to praise and some to condemn. The work is large, consisting of nearly 700 pages, and contains, besides the "Federalist" and the historical notice, the "Continentalist," six papers written by Hamilton in 1781, "Philo Publius," by William Duer, the articles of Confederation, Hamilton's first plan of government, the Federal Constitution, and some minor historical papers. As a popular edition it must take a place superior to Dawson's, being complete in one volume, and containing correlative matter that the other does not. True, the notes that Mr. Dawson promises in his second volume may raise his work to an importance that the first has not given it, but one is justified in doubting until the whole is completed. The historical notice of this edition is that which particularly distinguishes it from any other edition, and contains in the first portion the historical notice proper, the oft-times repeated account of the inadequacy of the Articles of Confederation, the events that led to the Convention of 1787, the discussions concerning the different points and principles involved in the new Constitution, and the objections to its acceptance by the different states; and in the second an account of the authors of the "Federalist." The first is written in the same style as the "History of the Republic," in fact being a mere rehash of portions of that work, as the numerous references in the foot-notes show, clear and concise enough, but written in a filial spirit that sees no one but Alexander Hamilton in the formation of the Constitution. One instance of this partiality will be sufficient. In speaking of Mr. Madison, who, if not equal, stood second only to Hamilton in his efforts for a union of the states, he calls him "a leading delegate to Congress from Virginia," in the foot-note informing us that he means Mr. Madison; while, on the contrary, in every place that Hamilton's name can be brought in, it is produced with a show that the distinguished statesman never could have authorized. The second portion, concerning the authors of the "Federalist," and almost the whole of Mr. Dawson's introduction, are papers interesting only to the family friends of Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Madison, as the quarrel concerning which gentleman wrote certain numbers of the "Federalist" is a matter of little consequence either to a student of the Constitution or the general reader. Mr. Dawson's sketch, however, is better for the disinterested student, as the claims of both parties are presented, and the reader is left to decide for himself which are right.

The story which Mr. Dawson has given birth to in regard to Chief-Justice Jay's efforts in behalf of the acceptance of the Constitution, charging him with lukewarmness of sympathy, are sufficiently refuted in Mr. Hamilton's edition; and of course the statements of Mr. Dawson that General Hamilton appealed to the cupidity of the commercial classes are nowhere substantiated in his son's work. The affectations in spelling, both in the title and in the placing an accent upon Mr. Jay's name, which disfigure Mr. Dawson's edition and give it an air of superficiality which ill accords with the subject he attempts to handle, are not to be found in this last edition. For reference, Mr. Dawson's edition is inadequate, as he has changed the generally accepted numbers of the papers in the collective edition for those given to the articles when first published in the newspapers, thereby disconcerting one who would attempt to find certain subjects referred to by Kent or Story.

With these two volumes of and concerning the "Federalist" the public may justly cry enough, as already over twenty editions have been published, and the subject has been so carefully and minutely discussed in other works on constitutional law that little more can be said and nothing new. The "Federalist" will ever remain the best exposition extant of the purposes and objects of the Constitution—that Constitution which, in spite of Hamilton's most eager efforts in urging the people to accept, the London *Athenaeum* persists in saying was regarded by him as a "temporary makeshift," and looked upon by him with suspicion and distrust.

In the entire absorption of all interests in the Sanitary Fair, which at the present time is the only topic worthy of being mentioned in cultivated society, the claims of the Christian Commission—a humble, but by no means a less important coadjutor in the noble work—have been almost entirely overlooked. In consideration of this lack of interest, a meeting was held in the church of the Epiphany to devise means for carrying on the work. I went around early, but although the church is one of the largest in the city, it was with the greatest difficulty I obtained standing room, and many coming later were obliged to go away without gaining admission. Eloquent addresses were made by Bishop McIlvaine, president of the meeting, Rev. Dr. Kirk, E. S. Tobey, Esq., of Boston, Rev. J. T. Duryea, of New York, and others, setting forth the aims, objects, and results of the Commission in a most satisfactory light, and calling upon the people to aid the cause by their contributions. The call was answered in a most acceptable manner, as before the meeting closed \$50,000 were pledged in the same spirit that has so bountifully supplied the refreshment saloons, opened a free military school for command of colored troops, and aided every other object connected with the army for the last three years.

ENGLISH OPERA IN CHICAGO.

Chicago, May, 1864.

FOR the past few days this city has been favored with a genuine novelty in the way of music. The Musical Union of this city, an association composed chiefly of amateurs, but having among its members many of the best professional musicians of the city, has had for some time in preparation an English translation of Lortzing's noted opera of the "Czar and Zimmerman." This translation was made by Mr. Hans Balatka, the conductor of our philharmonic concerts, under whose direction, also, are all of the orchestral accompaniments.

The opera selected is one eminently adapted for the purpose. It is the most popular work of its author, and, as compared with other operas, is worthy of the highest praise. This is, so far as

I have been able to learn, the first English translation of the work, and hence a word or two in regard to its composer may not be uninteresting. Lortzing spent most of his life in Berlin. He was a man of most brilliant and varied talents. He not only composed the music for his operas, but wrote also the librettos, and in addition to this was possessed of such power as an actor that he was able to take the most difficult parts and performed frequently in his own operas with the most complete success. He died in Berlin in 1851. This opera, the "Czar and Carpenter, or Peter the Great in Saardam," was performed upon every German stage within six months after it was first brought out and met everywhere with the most enthusiastic applause. It is founded upon the story of Peter the Great at the trade of a shipbuilder. The ambassadors of England and France are present in Saardam and endeavoring to discern the czar. The former engages the services of the pompous and silly burgomaster of the place, and hits upon a fellow-workman of Peter—a Russian—while the French minister by a clever stratagem discovers the true czar. A love story adds interest to the plot. The translation is every way creditable to Mr. Balatka, and some parts of it are really beautiful and finished songs, if we consider merely the language and say nothing of the music. The latter is throughout beautiful and appropriate, and in many cases rises to the very highest artistic excellence. The scenery is also prepared in good taste. The performance thus far, in the judgment of our best musical critics, has been, as a whole, vastly more satisfactory than those of the Italian opera in its occasional visits to this city.

Whether from lack of liberality in the manager, or some other cause, the troupe of Mr. Grau, when it has visited this city, has been woefully deficient in orchestral power and in all the requisites for effective chorus. While our citizens have liberally patronized the Italian opera, it has been always with a sort of resignation to the inadequate orchestra, and a willingness to endure the poor singing and absurd acting of the minor characters for the sake of an occasional pleasure in hearing Brignoli, or some other star performer. In this opera the chorus was admirable, and the very important part it plays was admirably sustained. The orchestra was quite large, and under the fine management of Balatka was thoroughly effective; as for the acting, no one would have inferred from anything ill performed that the company was not composed of professed actors.

Mr. Lombard, who has a deep bass voice that bears well comparison with that of Formes, gives finely the character of the conceited burgomaster. Nor is his acting inferior to his singing—both won frequent applause. His rendering of the passage, "Oh, I am smart and knowing, and to be deceived by none," was particularly noticeable. Mr. Schultz, as tenor, won much applause by his singing the beautiful song,

"Fare thee well, thou Flemish maiden."

The acting and the singing of Miss Anne Main, in the character of Mary, were alike excellent. Her pretty coquetry with the Russian comrade of the imperial carpenter, her simple and unaffected manner, and her pure soprano voice, won for her something more than mere applause.

Perhaps the most successful part of her performance was the bridal song. The character of Ivanhoff was well acted by Mr. E. T. Root; he sang tenor, and gave us the jealous lover to perfection. The part of Peter the Great was well sustained by Mr. Oscar Faulhaber, who won great credit by his acting throughout the comedy, but more especially by his singing one air, which has been, I believe, before published in the form of sheet music, but which is worthy for the beauty of the words of a place in your columns.

"In childhood I dallied with scepter and crown,
And warred with my playmates, who shrunk at my frown;
The sword from the scabbard how proudly I drew,
Then back to the arms of my father I flew,
And as he caressed me, 'My boy,' thus quoth he,
'How happy, how happy, a child still to be!'"

"In manhood I'm wearing that crown on my brow,
The weal of my Russian stamps care on it now;
In peace or in war for their glory I strive,
Though little they love me, who cause them to thrive,
In purple robes shrouded all's lonely for me,
How happy, how happy, a child still to be!"

"When ended each struggle, the czar's life has flown,
His subjects will raise him a tablet of stone,
But scarce in their hearts will his name live a day,
For all earthly greatness is doomed to decay;
Yet thou say'st, Almighty, 'In peace come to me,'
And happy in heaven thy child shall I be."

LONDON.

LONDON, April 20, 1864.

A GREAT work of art must, I suppose, like the artist from whom it flows, be born, not made. And, as to method, it seems that it grows not so much like a plant as like a gem. Long time the flint and water must abide together until that fusing electric ray comes, under which they shine out in that jeweled sunrise, the noble opal. Similarly for a long time at Jerusalem (modern) have been heaped up in confusion many cheap elements. There were old Jews at every corner plying their trade; there was the cry of old clothes along the streets; there were beggars without number; and there were there the splendid garnished sepulchers of buried greatness. But those who went there generally returned with a kind of heart-sickness—perhaps with a regret that they had subjected a fair and enshrined picture in their minds to such a rude disfigurement as the ideal Palestine must receive from the actual. But a young artist had been born in England, whose brain held a certain force related to those elements referred to. And so was he moved to go to that old city, and there for years dwell. On the spot, as is supposed, of the old temple stands now the Mosque of Omar, its floor carved from the very rock of Mount Moriah, set there by nature where it stands. But no foreigner is permitted to enter it. Nevertheless, the Englishman, whose art enabled him to appear in color and costume a suitable visitor to the mosque, entered frequently, and oscillated between it and his room until every antiquity it possessed had been painted—amongst other things a circle of ancient lights, a kind of chandelier, said to be two thousand years of age. Then he, with a winning way he had, got hold of old and long-bearded Jews, sketched as he talked with them—for he had mastered their language. Also he found a beautiful Jewess, a Miss Gold-

schmidt, now Mrs. McCutter of London, and she sat for him. He visited all the schools, and made studies of Jewish children. So it went on for many months; the materials had come together by their essential relations. Then shone the happy day "when the genius of God doth flow." Palestine crystallized under the electric touch of Holman Hunt's brain, and the result was that Koh-i-noor of pictures, "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple." I cannot attempt to describe this painting; it is one of those felicities which enforce silence on the observer, and whose only natural criticism is the tears that gather in the eye as it beholds that boy, whose flowing locks are the halo about his wondrous face, when, with the hands of father and mother pressing his shoulder, he tenderly asserts the freedom of a higher loyalty, and says, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Nevertheless, I found a partly adequate criticism of it that same night when I heard Mendelssohn's "Oratorio of Paul" rendered in Exeter Hall, by Costa's great orchestra and nearly a thousand voices. "Jerusalem, thou that kildest the prophets," and "The Lord is mindful of his children," as Parepa sang them, and such choruses as "How lovely are the Messengers," "Rise up, Arise!" seemed to me the very voices of those rare colors and forms which I had been gazing on. At my side sat a lady whose face glowed when she said, "Once I sat here, and listened to this oratorio; and he who led was that pale, handsome, and earnest man who had then newly composed this oratorio. Ah, how well I remember him, and that pink geranium he wore in the breast of his coat." Then old Exeter grew graver as I recalled how often Mendelssohn had had triumphs there. In one of his lately published letters he mentioned that he came there to attend a concert (with which he had nothing to do), and that he found the audience applauding something, he could not make out what. He never knew to the day of his death that the audience had recognized him as he entered, and were applauding him; but a friend of mine who was present says it was the case, but that nothing could equal the charming naïf with which he took his seat and supposed himself unrecognized throughout. The same friend told me that in leading "St. Paul" Mendelssohn was seized with an unwonted agitation whenever he came to the chorus "Rise up, Arise!" and his baton swept the air like a pinion; all felt that it was his favorite chorus. It was on this visit (1847) that he said brokenly: "Write and practice too much. No strength—cannot play! Oh my head—my head." He lived, however, to get home; to receive there Fate's last blow in the death of his sister; to write his last song, "Departed is the Light of Day;" and to die. But those who met him and saw him in England adore him to this day above all mortals; with what enthusiasm those who have read Miss Shepard's story, "Charles Auchester," of which Mendelssohn is the hero, will understand.

A little bird has whispered to me that among the new poems of Mr. Robert Browning which will burst out along with the flowers of May there is one that relates to "mediums," and will make a sensation in "spiritual" circles. Mrs. Browning, as is well known, was in her last years much impressed with the alleged phenomena of spiritualism; but Mr. Browning felt far otherwise. However, his curious brain sifted them carefully. I have just learned, by a private letter, that spiritualism is rising up in Eastern countries. A Russian lady, now at Nice, has been giving séances in that city, and it is said that her powers as a medium are unparalleled. One séance had taken place at the house of Mr. Leslie, the U. S. Consul. But before I have left Mr. Browning, let me say that a young man here has composed an admirable anthem for that fine passage in Paracelsus:

"I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud.
It is but for a time: I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendors soon or late
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge some day!"

This is the second time that musical genius has been attracted to this grand strain. Miss Flower, who for a long time was the queen of musical culture in London, set it to very beautiful music. It was composed for the service of the society of W. J. Fox, M.P., who was the Theodore Parker of London. No good piece of poetry escaped Mr. Fox's critical eye, and whatever he selected Miss Flower adorned with beautiful tone-wreaths. Mr. Longfellow, on the first Sunday after his arrival in London once, went to hear the great preacher, and as he passed up the aisle the choir was singing to a fine air of Miss F.'s composing his own "Psalm of Life." But Miss Flower survives only in her exquisite sacred music, and the eloquent preacher, who once swayed the thinkers of London, is now a feeble old man. Yet I heard him, in a little Shakespeare club, read the part of the King in "Henry IV." (part I.), and there were gleams of the old fire, which told how bright had been the flame now sunk in gray ashes.

How many heroes and heroines there are who never get into histories, romances, or even into the letters of correspondents! Let me do as much as I can toward making their number less by one. Recently those who indulge in that not over-interesting species of reading which consists of the names of young men graduated at college, and which are shored in the obscurest corners of the newspapers, might, in reading the list of names on which the Apothecaries' College of London, having examined, had passed the degree of M.D., have been brought to a stand by seeing the name of "Miss Garrett." Of female physicians we know something in America, in Germany, and in France; in Italy we have heard of their occupying medical chairs in colleges. But John Bull, supposed to have paid his full debt to the female sex in having a queen, has resolutely confronted with his horns every lady who has tried to enter on a professional career. But he (J. B.) has, it seems, met his match in Miss Garrett. Impressed by this fact, I have taken some pains to discover who this Miss Garrett is. She is a young and accomplished lady of some 21 years, of high social position, whose parents sympathized with her desire to be a physician, and had the means of helping her forward in her studies. Having already gained much knowledge of surgery and medicine, she made strenuous efforts for admission into some one of the various colleges, through which alone a diploma allowing practice could be obtained. But all the doors were bolted and barred against her. The law did not say that the candidate for a diploma must neces-

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sarily be male, but it did say that the candidate must have attended a certain number of lectures and must be examined upon them. So, as the colleges would not admit her to their lectures, Miss Garrett seemed safely shut out. But "seems" would not do for this resolute young lady. She employed the leading lecturers of the colleges to come and give her lectures; that is, she virtually established a medical university, in which she was the only student, until having fulfilled the conditions, and having passed a perfect examination, she obtained her degree and is now Dr. Garrett! The etymon of her name (*Gar*) is the old Saxon for *war*; it is the same as the root of Garibaldi's name; and in one sense she is as much of a hero as he. She has won what she has been striving for unwearyingly for years, and it is believed that hereafter there will be no opposition to the admission of women to the professional schools of England. The laws of nature, especially of *human* nature, may be safely trusted. No class of people will ever have voluntarily conceded to them more power for life and death than they are worthy of; and if women show that they have by divine allotment powers which can be of beneficial service to the human family, it will be in vain for men to erect barriers against the exercise of those powers. Already woman has nearly all of the real trouble and toil of the sick-room to bear; there is no reason why she should not have that addition of medical culture which will enable her to assume it all—profits as well as pains.

The excitement of the people here at the sudden and indirectly enforced departure of Garibaldi for Caprera, on Friday next, is something formidable. The tempest is swelling as I write, and none will converse on any other subject. For the first time in my life I have really seen men literally gnash their teeth: it was as they read a placard which covers the walls of London, running as follows: "Garibaldi is hurried out of England to please Louis Napoleon! Englishmen, shall this be allowed?" The paper of the handbills is generally covered over with penciled wrath. Nobody, of course, credits the parliamentary denials; of course Napoleon and Pam don't do things without providing for such escapes from actual cornering. We all have Garibaldi before our eyes daily, and his ruddy health is as manifest as it is embarrassing to those who wish to get rid of him. M. D. C.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At the May meeting of this society Mr. George H. Moore, the librarian, read two papers, one upon the war-sword of General Washington and John Bailey, the cutler who forged it, and the other upon the council of the Six Nations, held in 1785 on the spot where Buffalo now stands. Hon. Charles P. Daly also read a paper entitled "When the drama was introduced into America." Col. Rush C. Hawkins presented a number of interesting war trophies, and on his motion a committee was appointed to secure for the society trophies, curiosities, and other memorials of the war.

LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The first annual meeting of this organization was held on Thursday, May 5. The treasurer's report showed the receipts for the past year to have been \$7,184 75, and the expenditures \$5,682 76, leaving a balance on hand of \$1,501 98. The librarian's report presented the following gratifying exhibit:

Bound volumes.....	4,979
Unbound volumes and pamphlets.....	5,379
Total.....	10,358

The following gentlemen were elected directors and counselors to fill the vacancies occasioned by the expiration of the terms of others: Directors—Charles Congdon, Roswell Graves, Thomas W. Field, A. Cooke Hull, M.D., J. M. Van Cott. Counselors—Kings county.—John A. Lott, Francis Vinton, D.D., Tunis G. Bergen, F. A. Farley, D.D., Benjamin D. Silliman, James Humphrey. Queens county.—John A. King, L.L.D., William C. Bryant, Richard C. McCormick, John Harold, Le B. Prince, Solomon D. Townsend. Suffolk county.—Selah B. Strong, J. Lawrence Smith, William S. Pelletreau, H. P. Hedges, Ephraim Whittaker, Tuttle.

On motion of Hon. James Humphrey the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, The property of the society, as appears from the report of the Board of Directors, has been largely increased during the past year, and the advantages which it offers to its members are now far greater than when it was organized—while at the same time the value of money as measured against what it will purchase is much less than it was a year since, and the expenditures of the society must be hereafter correspondingly increased; therefore

Resolved, That it be and hereby is recommended by the society to the Board of Directors to amend the existing laws that the fees for initiation and for life membership and the annual dues of members from and after the first of June proximo shall be increased by such additional sums as in the judgment of the Board may be deemed proper and expedient.

Captain Hall was present, and gave an interesting account of his Arctic adventures, after which the society partook of a collation.

AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL AND STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

The annual election for officers of this society was held on the 5th instant, resulting as follows: President, Hon. Charles P. Daly; vice-presidents, Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., Archibald Russell, George Folsom; recording secretary, Wm. Coventry H. Waddell; foreign corresponding secretary, Francis A. Stout; domestic corresponding secretary, Cyrus W. Field; treasurer, Hon. Frederick A. Conkling; librarian, Henry V. Poor; counselors, Henry E. Pierrepont, William T. Blodgett, Henry Clews, Levi P. Morton, W. W. Evans.

BOSTON SOCIETY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The annual meeting was held last week, Dr. Wyman in the chair. Mr. T. T. Bouve read a eulogy on the late Dr. Edward Hitchcock, who was an honorary member of the society, and a resolution of respect to his memory was unanimously adopted. The treasurer's report stated that the balance of cash on hand at the beginning of the year was \$11,283 45; the receipts during the year were \$24,955 90, and the payments \$32,121 16, and that there is now a balance of cash on hand of \$4,118 19. The property of the

society, exclusive of the library, is valued at \$176,819 19. The additions to the library have been more numerous and valuable than during any previous year, comprising 970 volumes and 778 pamphlets and parts of volumes received by donations. The whole number of books in the library is about six thousand. There were subsequently reports by the curators having in charge the different branches, after which the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Jeffries Wyman, M.D.; vice-presidents, Charles T. Jackson, M.D., Augustus A. Gould, M.D.; corresponding secretary, Samuel L. Abbot, M.D.; recording secretary, Samuel H. Scudder; librarian, Samuel H. Scudder; custodian, Samuel H. Scudder.

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

At the semi-annual meeting of this society, held in Boston, Hon. Ira M. Barton read the report of the council. The report of the treasurer, Mr. Nathaniel Paine, showed the present state of the funds of the society as follows: Librarian's and general fund, \$21,763 82; collection and research fund, \$8,910 06; bookbinding fund, \$6,691 04; publishing fund, \$6,092 64; aggregate, \$44,467 56. The librarian, Mr. Samuel F. Haven, introduced his report by a reference to the position before the world occupied by an American antiquarian society, in connection with the suggestions recently made and now being discussed among savans, that the aborigines of this continent were possibly the primitive race of mankind. In relation to this theory many interesting and remarkable facts were made mention of. 302 bound volumes and 1,002 pamphlets had been added to the library, including a large collection of matter relating to the war. A resolution of respect to the memory of Shakespeare, and paying a tribute to his wonderful intellectual endowments, offered by the president, was adopted. The following gentlemen, recommended by the council, were nominated and elected members of the society: Ashbel Woodward, M.D., of Connecticut; Hon. Wm. Willis; president Martin B. Anderson of Rochester University, New York; Alexander S. Taylor, of San Francisco, Cal. Mr. Folsom presented to the notice of the society an interesting Latin inscription on a plate of copper recently discovered at Castine, Me. This plate was evidently once attached to the foundation of a Roman Catholic chapel built in 1648, and dedicated to the Virgin under the title of "Nostræ Domine Sanctæ Spei"—"Our Lady of the Holy Hope"—the inscription being written by a Capuchin missionary, Leo Parisiensis.

PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The regular May meeting of this society was held in Philadelphia, Monday evening, May 9.

The librarian read a long list of donations to the library since the last meeting, among which were several valuable pamphlets. Of these there was "A Confession of Faith" of the Quakers, printed at Philadelphia, by William Bradford, in 1693.

There was also exhibited one of the original diaries kept by Mason and Dixon, which has the proceedings (signed by themselves) of each day's work performed by these surveyors while running the celebrated Mason and Dixon's line. This volume has been given to the Sanitary Fair by Ferdinand J. Dreer, and will be offered for sale during the fair.

A letter was read from the Wilmington Institute, stating that a historical society for Delaware was about to be inaugurated.

One of the most interesting events of the evening was an announcement by the corresponding secretary of the lately ascertained existence of the first book ever printed in Philadelphia—an almanac for 1685. Many interesting papers were read and memorials exhibited.

SCIENCE.

It is most remarkable that the red coloring matter of the blood-corpuscles in different animals should crystallize in different forms. The red coloring matter of those of the guinea-pig assumes a tetrahedral form, while that of the squirrel crystallizes in six-sided plates, and that of the marmot assumes the rhomboidal form. In man and in mammals there are circular colored corpuscles without a nucleus, so called white or colorless corpuscles, and the colorless corpuscles which are spherical. It is believed by naturalists that the colorless nuclei of the red corpuscles consist of matter in a living state; that the colorless corpuscles, and those small corpuscles which are gradually undergoing conversion into red corpuscles, are in a living state; while the old red blood corpuscles consist of inanimate matter.

—To set up a single page of the *London Times* takes six men eight hours, and there are sixteen pages. From the time that a form is finished till it is reproduced, is twenty-five minutes. Sixteen tons of paper are consumed each day; and each day are sent out 130,000 sheets. Two of the presses used are those of R. Hoe & Co., of this city.

—Mr. David Bishop, of New Brunswick, has presented an equatorial telescope to Rutgers College, N. J. Mr. John Clark has presented an astronomical clock to the same institution.

—In the great desert of Sahara, in the year 1860, five artesian wells were opened, around which vegetation thrives luxuriantly. 30,000 palm-trees and 1,000 fruit-trees were planted, and two thriving villages established. At a depth of little over 500 feet, an underground river or lake was struck, and from two wells live fish have been thrown up, showing that there is a large quantity of water underneath.

—The world contains one thousand millions of inhabitants, who speak 3,064 different languages, and are of 1,000 different forms of religion.

—A new cure for hydrophobia has been discovered, in England, in the common nitrate of silver. It is said to decompose the saliva, and neutralize the virus. The best form of application is said to be to introduce the solid substance into the wound as soon as possible after the bite.

—Silver has been discovered in Michigan, near Lake Superior. One tract which was bought of Government a few weeks since for \$200, has recently been sold for \$6,000.

—It is said that the commerce of the world requires 3,000,000 able-bodied men to be constantly traversing the sea. The amount of property annually moved on the water is from fifteen hundred to two thousand millions of dollars; and the amount lost by casualties of the sea averages twenty-five millions of dollars.

—Milwaukee, it is said, manufactures more leather than any city in the West. The Wisconsin Leather Company alone, last year, produced more than half a million of dollars' worth of leather. Two additional large tanneries are now in process of building.

—In Detroit there is a manufactory for splitting and grinding peas, the raw material being obtained chiefly from Canada. It divides the peas into two sizes, and splits them at the rate of a barrel every five minutes. A kiln-drying apparatus is connected with it, intended chiefly for cargoes of damaged grain, and shippers and underwriters who are so unfortunate as to sustain damage to cargoes will find it of great advantage.

—There are now published in the United Kingdom, 1,250 newspapers, distributed as follows:—England, 919; Wales, 37; Scotland, 140; Ireland, 140; British Isles, 14. Of these there are forty-six daily papers published in England; one in Wales; nine in Scotland; fourteen in Ireland; one in the British Isles.

—The Danish engineers have discovered an ingenious contrivance for keeping their opponents exposed to a heavy fire, by a sort of invisible fence, made of strong wire, supported at stated distances by timber posts inserted in the ground. It must take, at all events, some precious minutes to overcome this obstacle, during which the attacking troops would be open to a destructive fire without any shelter. The intrenchments at Duppel are surrounded by these formidable barriers.

—The *valata*, a shrub which abounds in Guiana, South America, affords a juice which is said to be superior to gutta percha for many purposes, but especially as a material for insulating telegraphic wire. The milk or juice is drinkable, and used by the natives with coffee. It coagulates quickly when exposed to the air, and almost immediately when precipitated by alcohol, which dissolves the resin of the *valata* juice. All articles made with gutta percha can be made with this sap, and it has no disagreeable smell. When worked up it becomes as supple as cloth and more flexible than gutta percha.

—Petroleum is said to have been discovered in the southern provinces of Russia over a large extent of country.

—It is understood that the British Government have granted the right of way through British Columbia for an electric telegraph to connect the existing United States lines with those to be extended from Russia across Behring Straits, a concession for the latter portion of this world-girdle telegraph having been previously granted by the Russian Government to Mr. Collins, an American citizen. By the completion of these lines communication between Europe and America will be established without encountering the risks of a submarine cable across the Atlantic. Mr. Collins has conveyed his grants to the Western Telegraph Company. The line will be pushed forward as soon as arrangements can be made.

—Free lectures of superior instruction, under the name of "Literary and Scientific Soirees," have been opened at Sorbonne, France. These lectures have been provisionally authorized by the Minister of Public Instruction. These soirees will be public and gratuitous, two of the large tribunes only in the grand hall of Sorbonne being reserved for ladies and their families.

—From recent investigations in France it appears that the increase of the precious metals in that country is far from being the only cause of the rise of the price of the necessities of life. In the sixteenth century wheat rose to more than double the price, this rise corresponding with the conquest of America; but from 1620 the present day the average price of wheat has varied but very little, notwithstanding the enormous influx of gold. The Russian war raised the price of hemp, as the American war has raised the price of cotton; but the average price of the necessities of life is evidently not seriously affected by the rise of gold and silver, and gold has only contributed to the rise so far as it creates new centers of consumption; consequently the exorbitant prices, in this country, of the necessities of life are greatly owing to unrighteous monopolies and to taking advantage of the necessities of the times.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. VAN NOSTRAND.—Military Bridges, with Suggestions of new expedients and constructions for crossing streams and chasms. Including, also, designs of Trestle and Truss Bridges for Military Railroads. By Hermann Haupt, A.M., Civil Engineer.

SHELDON & Co.—Woodburn, a Novel, by Rosa Vertner Jeffrey.

MOORE, EBS & HOUSE.—Letters on Corruption. Addressed to the Public by William Banting. London.

JAMES G. GREGORY.—Mr. Jay's Second Letter on Dawson's Introduction to the Federalist.

WALTER LOW.—The Book of Bubbles.

D. APPLETON & Co.—Thoughts on Personal Religion, being a Treatise on the Christian Life in its two chief elements of Devotion and Practice, by Edward Myrick Goulburn, D.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, etc. With a Prefatory Note by George H. Houghton, D.D., Rector of the church of the Transfiguration, N. Y.

TICKNOR & FIELDS.—A Letter to a Whig Member of the Southern Independence Association, by Goldwin Smith.

CHARLES SCHREINER.—America and her Commentators, with a Critical Sketch of Travel in the United States, by Henry T. Tuckerman.

JOHN BRADBURN.—Nancy Blake Letters to a Western Cousin.

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